JOHN BULL, JUNE 26, 1926. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1045.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, 1d.

THE WEB OF THE RED SPIDER

by

E. Roffe Thompson

We Want Men

with tough, wiry beards to challenge this

Let us send you free a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream which softens the toughest beard in one minute.

NO finger rubbing — hot water or cold, hard water or soft.

That's a broad statement, we'll agree.

You may doubt it. But, if true, you want that kind of shaving.

Millions of men have abandoned old ways and adopted this new shaving joy. All were won over by the test we now offer you. Put the burden of proof on us.

Let us give you a 10-day tube free. Find out for yourself. We believe we'll win you, no matter how firmly you are wedded to a rival preparation.

Clip the coupon before you forget. Find out whether the whole world is wise in changing to a new way in beard softening.

PALMOLIVE

Shaving Cream

P180F

1/6 Full sized tube.

10 Shaves Free

Simply fill up and address to The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21-23, Eagle St., W.C.1.

Name.....

J.B. 26 6. 26

Address.....

The Completed Puzzle

S	O	A	K		A	L	T	E	R		F	O	R	D
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T	R	E	E		S	Y	R	E	N		G	A	T	E

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle is on page 5.

VENEREAL DISEASES

"QUACKS."

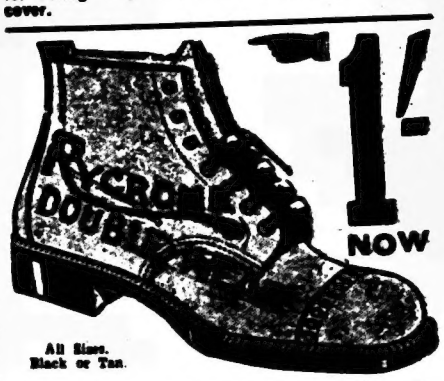
Quack treatment is not only expensive, it is useless, injurious, and illegal.

A sane person would surely not consult a Quack about a dangerous illness, yet many people do so as soon as venereal infection is suspected, and often falsely informed that they are diseased: the recognition of the disease, or freedom from it, demands expert medical skill and attention.

The only sure road to recovery is to consult your own doctor, or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/6 the set; four useful booklets for Girls, 9d. the set; six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/6 the set. All post free, in plain cover.



All Sizes.
Black or Tan.

A New Boot that gives Double Service

MASTERS' new Boot, soled with **RYCROME** waterproof leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather. We offer these **RYCROME** Double-Service Boots, in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on special easy terms which everybody can afford to pay: 1/- with order and 2/- in ten days and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful **RYCROME** Boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) to-day and say what size we shall send you.

Irish and Colonial Orders Cash Only.

SUITS FOR MEN

ON EASY TERMS. Write for Free Sample Pieces of Cloth.

MASTERS Ltd., 88, HOPE STORES **RYE**

THE home of one of our readers, Mr. E. M. Cocks, Stick-lynch, West Pennard, Glastonbury, was recently the scene of a pathetic tragedy.

A fire broke out in his lonely little cottage and before the fire engine arrived on the scene of the disaster his home was completely gutted. All that remained of his precious little dwelling was four gaunt walls and a heap of debris—the only articles which could even be identified were the remains of a bedstead, a sewing machine and parts of tables and chairs.

Happily for Mr. Cocks, he was a registered reader, and "John Bull," after arranging for his losses to be assessed, has sent him a cheque for £100.

Ask yourself the question: What would YOU do if your home were suddenly destroyed? Would YOU be covered?

***"John Bull" pays up to £400 against loss by Fire.* Fill in the Forms below and register to-day.**

115 more benefits paid this week on account of FIRE, STORM, ACCIDENTS, SICKNESS, etc.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers.

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their Newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C 2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS) ..... Age.....

Address .....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/6/26.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 26/6/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented **FREE** a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), **ANY DATES**, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Cash the Coupons

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth 10/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 12/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. (postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact descriptive of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters.

YOUR PROTECTION.
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can send your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

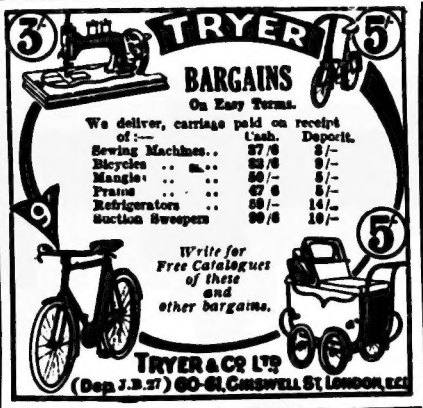
Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 2/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
86 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

TRYER BARGAINS

On Easy Terms.



We deliver, carriage paid on receipt of:—

	Cash.	Deposit.
Sewing Machines..	27/6	5/-
Bicycles	35/6	5/-
Mangles	50/-	5/-
Prams	47/6	5/-
Refrigerators ..	80/-	14/-
Suction Sweepers	30/6	10/-

Write for Free Catalogues of these and other bargains.

TRYER & Co LTD
(Dept. J.B.27) 60-61, CHISWELL ST, LONDON, E.C.1

Buy the Original CORK LINO

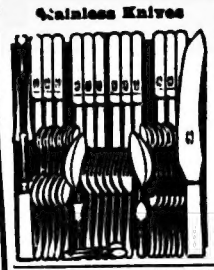
CATESBYS

Why? Well, it lasts longer, saves labour, drudgery, costs less, proves cheapest, better patterns, is the favourite floor covering, backed by thirty years' testing. We've the greatest stock and every bit is guaranteed, Cash and Easy Terms. Book of Coloured Designs. Prices post free if you write to Dept. K.19.

CATESBYS, Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

Stainless Knives



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knvs. & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knvs Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which wears white throughout **50 pieces 50/-** Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly, if satisfied.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Complete Hot Water Installation for £3!

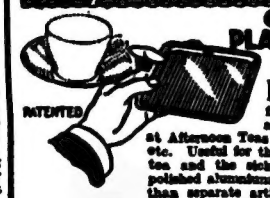
SCRAP your dangerous geyser and install a "BOTLE." Save money! Connects to sink or bath, and works on oil stove or special gas ring. 14 in. x 1 in. Can't explode. Everything complete, 25s. Send for illustrated booklet. A post free. Write NOW or call. Demonstrations daily.

Portable, Safe, Easily Fixed; Instant and Continuous.

WATER HEATERS LIMITED,
17, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.
Regent - - 4184.

Every Home needs Teasatease

COMBINED PLATE & SAUCER



PATENTED

HELD with one hand, leaving the other free, the "Teasatease" adds to comfort of Guests at Afternoon Teas Tennis Parties, Picnics, etc. Useful for the Garden, early morning tea and the sick-room. Made of highly polished aluminium. Stronger and cheaper than separate articles, the "Teasatease" will give lasting satisfaction.

Price 2/9 each. POST FREE.
Six for 15/- carr. paid.

ROSS COURTNEY & CO., LTD.
Ashbrook Rd., London, N.19.

The Guests' Third Hand

THE CRYSTAL BALL

FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY

Fortune Telling Made Easy.

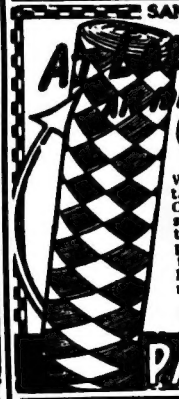
Mystifying, Thrilling, Fascinating.

Lucky Charm given away Free. This Crystal Ball answers all questions on Love, Marriage, Home, Luck and Finance. Thrilling and Fascinating. The Greatest and Simplest method of the Age. Sent under cover complete with instructions for 2/- post free.

THE STAR TRADING CO.,
(Dept. 18), 21, Edgware Rd., Marble Arch, W.2.

SAMPLES FREE

...ST! ...EAL FLOOR COVERING



60 sq. ft. for 15/-

Thicker than Linoleum. Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 sq. ft. for 15/-; 120 sq. ft. 30/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
20 Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

AMAZING VALUE

This Splendid Wristlet Watch, Hallmarked Silver case, fine jewelled movement, with usual H. Samuel guarantee. State Lady's or Gents' size. **7/11**

SOLID SILVER

POST FREE

9,000 money-saving bargains like this in H. Samuel's **FREE BOOK**

Send a post card for it now. Free Prizes for all buyers.

H. SAMUEL Ltd. 100 MARKET ST. MANCHESTER.

Make More Money

£5 to £10 weekly

WONDERFUL PROFITS IN SWEETS.

Lessons personally or by mail; new system quickly and easily learnt; practically no outlay. £5 to £10 per week can be made, spare time, supplying shops. Call or write and get evidence of this, opportunity, lifetime, anywhere. Success guaranteed. 2d. stamp particulars.—LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

YOU CAN NOW OBTAIN THE FAMOUS

General Electric

BROADCAST RECEIVER

On Very Easy Terms.

Your Crystal Set taken in part exchange.

Send a postcard to-day for Booklet 44—FREE.

GENERAL RADIO COMPANY, LTD
Radio House, Regent Street, W.1.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

2/- Deposit.

We claim THE EXCELLAITE LOUD SPEAKER to be the MOST PERFECT TONED SPEAKER yet produced.

Send us 2/- and we will send you one of our Excellaite Loud Speakers that cannot be surpassed for Purity of Tone, Volume and Value for Money. If, after testing, you are perfectly satisfied, you pay balance by monthly instalments as follows:—

Baby Model Price	26/-	4/- mthly
Standard ,, ,,	37/-	5/- ,,
De Luxe ,, ,,	57/6	5/- ,,

Complete Sets from 30/- to £30 on the Easiest of Terms.
Send at once for our Latest Catalogue (Summer Prices).

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)
Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.16

5/- SECURES IT

Send NOW

LEARN TO PLAY THE UKELELE BANJO

BE popular. Learn to play the haunting, sweet-toned Ukulele Banjo. Easily and quickly mastered with free self-tutor. Beautifully finished model as illustrated, spun copper body, nickel plated, sent for deposit of 5/-. Balance, 20/-, payable after you have received and examined the instrument. Postage 9d. Case 5/-. Perfected Rubber Plectrums 1/-.

J. S. MERRIRICK
249 PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.1.
Trade inquiries invited.

I've Discovered it! "SURLOCK"

The Perfect Clothes Line

REQUIRES no props or support. Can be hung at any height indoors or out. Easily fixed. Will raise a line of clothes weighing 500 to 600 lbs. Invaluable for blanket washing, carpet beating, etc. Price 12/6 (post free or C.O.D.), with 20 yards best hemp rope, or model entirely detachable 25/-

Descriptive Folder free

THE SURLOCK CO.,
2-4, Long Lane London, E.C.1

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/8 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/8 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

8/- NOW

Read the specification of the Graves 'Speed King' cycle.

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle

The frame is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black Model if desired). Lady's or Gent's Model. Carriage Paid **£6:0:0**

Terms: 5/- with order, 5/- monthly.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

Ten Years Guarantee

FINEST VALUE

SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves Semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Ten-inch wheels, fin wired-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**

4/- NOW

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- if satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed.

WRITE for CATALOGUE. Folding Prams & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FREEMANS

Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

5.19.6

Carr. paid U.K.
or £1.1.0 down and 11 monthly instalments of 10/3

Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. One winding plays three records. Write for new Catalogue NOW or examine full range of models at

The Cabinet Gramophone Co.
(Dept. J.B. 23),
73, Camden Rd., Camden Town, N.W. 'Phone: North 2338.

"O" Model Worth £10

FULLOTONE

You can have a Baby Car for 2/6 DEPOSIT

Order YOUR Baby Car direct from factory at WHOLESALE price—and save shop profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used the Car ONE MONTH. 12 New and exquisitely designed models in ART colours, to choose from. Packed Free, Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-DAY for big illustrated catalogue.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. J.B.26) Birmingham

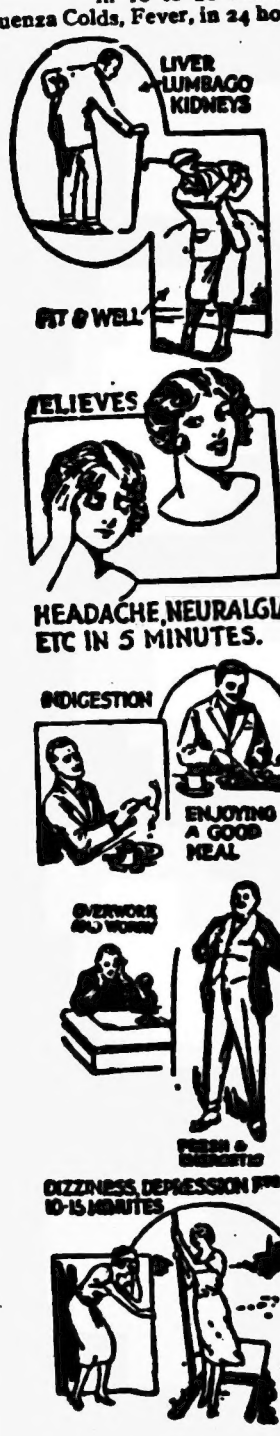
Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes,
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.



OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 2/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24612—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

24118—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17613—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treat next."

18234—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

23333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21664—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25354—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25333—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

23745—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21607—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22272—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 20 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35)

£5 Prize-winners—*continued.*

Mrs. H. T. Martin, "Beatsonia," Compton Road, Lindfield, Sussex.
Who Is Cupid?—Matrimony's Pilot—or Pirate.
L. Northam, 34, Albany Road, Luton, Chatham.
Thanks To Baldwin—No Truck, Revolutionary Engine.
J. A. Saunders, 15, Gwendoline Street, Merthyr Tydfil.
Back To Work—Because Hunger Wouldn't Strike.
P. Spink, 24, Birks Street, Middlesbrough.
Thanks To Baldwin—*Debt* But No Dishonour.
W. Strudwick, 49, Stracey Road, Forest Gate, E.
Thanks To Baldwin—"*Easy* Lies The Head—"
Miss K. Whelan, 71, Stanfield Street, Belfast.
At The Microphone—One *To* a Million.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each.

Mrs. H. W. Bullimore, Aunsby, Sleaford, Lincs.
With Music—On, Ideal Bathroom Wall-paper.
G. A. Hughes, Myrtle Cottage, Chipstead, Surrey.
How To Get On—Stick at *Something*.
W. Lowe, 13, Harrison Avenue, Levenshulme, M/c.
Second Time—Lady Duellist Without Seconds.
J. C. Newport, 302, Iffley Road, Oxford.
All There—Half-crown Presents—Guinea Appetites.
W. Nichols, 36, Cherryhinton Road, Cambridge.
His Conscience—"Preacher" That *Prevents* Sleep.
F. S. Pitt, Newlands, Upper Cranbrook Road, Redland, Bristol.
Unexpected—*Jack* In a Box.
W. R. Roberts, 7, Kendal Street, Wigan.
Time To Stop—Excavating, Scientist Unearthed Kilt.
M. Silveira, 5, Burgate, Squire's Gate, Blackpool.
Time To Stop—Outsiders "Contributing" To Trouble.
Mrs. E. Tildesley, 67, Bankes Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Thanks To Baldwin—Strike Bogey's Scared Itself.
S. J. Tyfold, 64, Cowley Road, Oxford.
What The Dunce Said—Only Thing Class Remembered.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

S. H. Adams, 52, Childebert Rd., Balham, S.W.
S. Andrew, 142, Mottram Rd., Hyde, Ches.
Mrs. W. Allen, 24, Morton Gdns., Norbury, S.W.
R. Anthony, 86, Neville St., Riverside, Card'ff.
G. Baines, 38, Strand St., Ancoats, M/c.
F. Bartlett, "Mayfield," Strathallan Pk., Onchan.
E. Bird, 21, Cotlands Rd., Bournemouth.
W. Blewett, Rock Point, Marine Parade, New Brighton.
A. Bond, 40, High West Street, Dorchester.
K. Bramley, 167, Jefferson St., Newcastle.
H. Breakwell, 23, Eldersile St., Glasgow.
W. A. Brewer, 2, Colonnade, Hotwells, Bristol.
W. F. Campbell, Cavendish St., Chartwel.
L. Cartrall, 8, Bradstock Rd., Hackney, E.
H. T. Chalmers, 35, Kenilworth Av., Wishaw, Lanarks.
H. Connor, 5, Dounies Drive, Cambuslang, N.B.
H. L. Cooper, Snaith, Goole, Yorks.
J. H. Cramp, "Waltham," London Rd., Deal.
Mrs. Croft, c/o 21 W.T. Coy, R.A.S.C., Colchester.
P. E. Croft, 11, Brighton Rd., Gt. Crosby, Liverpool.
T. Crowley, 19, Adare St., Aberavon, Port Talbot.
C. Crump, 7, Fitzroy St., Sandown, Isle of Wight.
G. Daly, 84, Forest Rd., Dalston, E.
J. Davies, Stone Cottages, Blankney, Lincoln.
H. M. Davis, Gt. Bisington, Cheltenham.
E. J. Dewhurst, 142 East St., Bristminster, Bristol.
R. Dowling, 58, Raglyn St., Newport, Mon.
L. Ellis, Little Henfaes, Welshpool, Mont.
G. F. Evans, Room 8, 19, Cambridge St., Sheffield.
J. Fell, 5, Mayflower Cotts, Worthington, Wigan.
F. Fish, 17, Alford Grove, Sprowston, Norwich.
T. H. Fletcher, 29, Cotton St., Poplar, E.
P. Fry, Castleton, Nr. Cardiff.
Mrs. S. E. Garbett, 8, Cotleigh Rd., London, N.W.
E. Gash, 73, Arley Rd., Nuneaton, Warwicks.
H. J. Gay, 51, Beechen Dr., Fishponds, Bristol.
Mrs. Grant, Hampole, Nr. Doncaster.
Mrs. Green, Guide Post, March, Cambs.
Mrs. A. Greenaway, 1, Sheringham Av., Manor Park.
H. L. Grenfell, 84, High St., Marlborough, Yorks.
A. Hall, 128, Chorley New Rd., Horwich, Lancs.
M. S. Harford, 49, Ponthill Rd., Hove, Sussex.
Mrs. Hayeraft, 36, Forest View Rd., Bournemouth.
R. W. Henderson, 251, Beaconsfield St., Newcastle.
Mrs. Hitchcock, Quarters, Brucon Farm, Gibraltar.
W. C. Hothersall, 154, Union Rd., Qswaldtwistle.
H. Howe, 75, Grosvenor Rd., Ilford, Essex.
A. T. Hughes, Toilet Saloon, Ammanford, Carm.
Miss Humphreys, Lugg Vale Cott., Aylestone, H'ford.
Mrs. A. James, 9, Elmhurst Rd., Tottenham, N.
H. James, 128, Cemetery Rd., Treaiaw, Rhondda.
A. Keeble, 14, Ipswich Rd., Colchester.
F. W. Lacey, 56, Nicholls St., West Bromwich.
J. R. Lawson, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Sussex.
Mrs. Lee, 12, Lennox Terr., New Delaval, Newsham.
L. F. Lewis, 46, Leander Rd., Thornton Heath.
J. Lindley, 31, Cobden St., Barnoldswick.
Mrs. A. Lloyd, 31, Woodborough Rd., Nottingham.
R. W. Lomax, 73, Goldsmith St., Nottingham.
Mrs. C. Lowe, 17, Prince Albert St., Blackburn.
D. MacCormack, 53, Church St., Dundee.
A. McVarish, Lyddington, Uppingham, Rutland.
W. Manderson, 60, Princes St., Govan, Glasgow.
C. E. Marr, 5, Arlesford Rd., Stockwell, S.W.
F. Marsh, 11, Lake View Rd., Bristol.
J. M. Mayer, 17, Wheatstone Rd., Southsea.
W. F. Mills, Normandy Works, London, E.
E. H. Morris, Broadhurst, Heathfield, Sussex.
B. Needham, 29, Crich Lane, Belper, Derby.
W. D. Needham, Coniston, Norney Rd., Billericay.
Mrs. M. Osborne, 335a, Mill St., Dingle, L'pool.
J. Palmer, 28, Coach Lane, Redruth.
G. Paterson, 20, Hutchinson St., Nottingham.
R. Preston, 29, Garden St., Blackburn, Lancs.
A. Roberts, The Mines, Lodge P.O. Co. Pwmanagh.
W. Roughton, 69, Melbourne St., Coalville.
J. St. George, 101, Norwood Rd., Stretford, M/c.
A. G. Saunders, 20, Clifton Rd., Romford.
W. H. Scothron, 109, Risley Av., Tottenham, N.
J. Sharpe, 439, Dumb Rd., Partick, Glasgow.
Mrs. F. S. Shippam, 19, Westgate, Mansfield.
Mrs. M. M. Simpson, 28, Hesketh Av., Bispham.
J. R. Smith, 7, Mary St., Yeovil, Som.
H. C. Stevens, 77, Chariton Rd., Hill, Southampton.
G. Swainston, 36, Pinton St., Rosebeck, Yorks.
Mrs. Thomas, 5, Trayne Terr., Plymouth.
H. H. Thraves, 12, Victoria St., Nottingham.
F. H. Treby, 21, St. Aubyn St., Devonport.
Mrs. Verrall, 81-2, Fore St., Bodmin, Cornwall.
Mrs. E. Viney, 18, Southgate St., Leicester.
A. W. Watling, 35, Chapel Rd., Bexley Heath.
G. Watson, 14, Victoria Rd., Peckham, S.E.
F. C. Wattis, 186, Parndale Rd., Swindon.
J. O. Weaver, 63, Hughes Av., Wolverhampton.
Mrs. M. Wells, 174, Milton Rd., Cambridge.
L. Western, 140, Redfern St., Battersea, S.W.
V. Whitham, 109, Mary St., Scunthorpe.
Miss B. Wild, 186, Littlemoor Lane, Oldham.
Miss E. Winterborn, 67, Church St., Brighton.
A. Woodhall, 5, Emily St., West Bromw.ch.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 662 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 606 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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AGENTS WANTED.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Bristall, Leeds.

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ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE?—The sure way out of the rut is to become a travelling Salesman. Train in your spare time by postal tuition, under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Thousands of men, without previous experience "on the road," have been lifted out of routine jobs and placed by Wallace Attwood with progressive firms. Many of them are now earning their £500, £600, £800 and £1,000 a year. Wallace Attwood undertakes to introduce and recommend every trained student to firms of repute for a good post as Salesman. Are you worth lifting out of the rut? If so, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free. — The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1 ('Phone: Chancery 7526).

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. — J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

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PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 4/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

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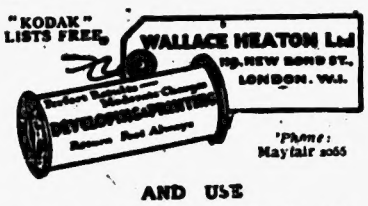

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NO more Props for the Clothes line once you possess a "Surlock" Patent Lever Clothes Line. What a boon! (The "Surlock" is fully described on page 3).

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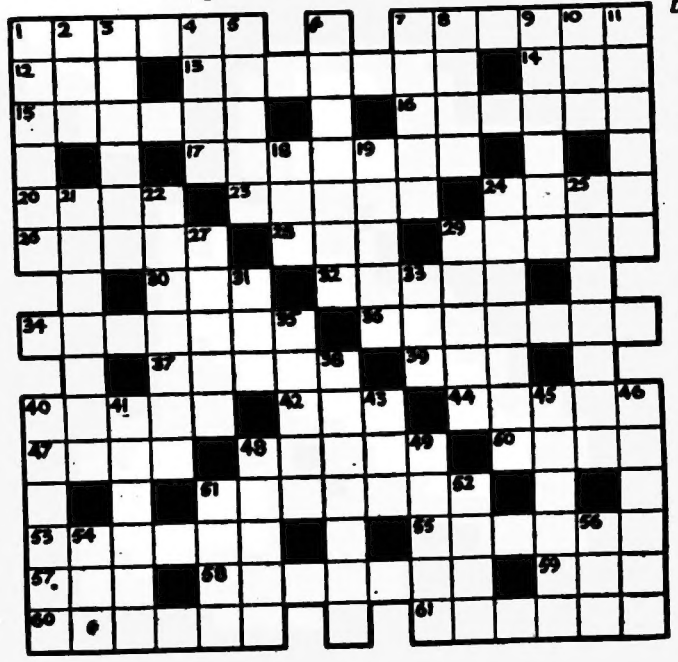
WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Forest Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE as a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

ACCOUNTANCY Simplified; complete course, book form, 5/-, post free. Highly recommended by "System." — Purnell, 49, Upper O'Connel Street, Dublin.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Put on your Thinking Cap!



CLUES ACROSS

1. A grub.
7. Famous thoroughfare.
12. Tune.
13. Prevailing.
14. Large tract of water.
15. Celestial body.
16. Become smaller.
17. Tell
20. Level.
23. The people.
24. Small rodents.
26. Detain.
28. Favoured animal.
29. Pertaining to the poles.
30. A small quantity.
32. Kind of crow.
34. True.
36. A curl of hair.
37. To choose.
39. Human organ.
40. Soft, fleshy organ.
42. To let fall heavily.
44. Even.
47. Loaned.
48. North Sea Islands.
50. To entice.
51. A squeaking instrument.
53. A wooden hammer.
55. Uneasy motion of the body.
57. Wrath.
58. Brief.
59. Part of the verb "to be."
60. To rove.
61. Closer.

DOWN CLUES

1. Schemed.
2. To be ill.
3. Pebbles.
4. Frank.
5. Whole.
6. A dresser of tanned leather.
7. Brackish.
8. Growing timber.
9. Attack.
10. Maiden name.
11. Exposure to risk.
18. Smart tap.
19. Extract of flowers.
21. Conveyance
22. Beginning to exist.
24. A tyke.
25. Food provider.
27. Give.
29. Exacting.
31. Preposition meaning "before."
33. Compete.
35. Striking effect.
38. Kind of lace.
40. Scottish castle associated with Macbeth.
41. Branch of a stag's horn.
43. Serpent.
45. Common.
46. An alphabetical character
48. Mortal.
49. Little fairy.
51. A cavity.
52. Vermin.
54. Skill.
56. Before.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

WALLPAPERS direct from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at factory prices. 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est 1903.

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A BOOKLET that will interest all Motor Cyclists is offered free by J. B. Brooks and Co., Ltd., 92, Criterion Works, Birmingham, makers of the famous Brooks Saddles.

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LEARN TO PLAY THE UKULELE BANJO and be popular. A special offer of a really good instrument (sold under the conditions of the *John Bull* Advertisement Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back), is made to all readers. See advt. of J. S. Menhinick on page 3.

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WIRELESS.—Capable, trustworthy men with spare time who wish to substantially increase income required where we are not fully represented. Applicants must have practical knowledge of installation of Set and Aerial, be a householder or live with parents, and be able to give references; state age and experience.—Address Dept., 34, General Radio Company, Ltd., Radio House, Regent Street, London, W.1.

WIRELESS For All.—Great Bargain List Free. Easy payments. — The World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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GARDEN NETS.

PROTECT your Seeds and Buds from frost and birds. Netting, strong, small mesh, specially prepared, will not rot. 25 sq. yds. for 2/6. Any length or width supplied, price in proportion. Carr. paid. Cheaper kinds kept, 25 sq. yds. for 1/6. Lists and samples Free.—GASSON & SONS, Net Works, Rye. 'Phone 34.

TENTS.

FOR Gardens, Cricket and Camping Out. Get our Free Lists.—GASSON & SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RUPTURE.—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops Truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co. Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. P. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy. 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d stamps for sample.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately. 3d.—Mr. Rive s (J.B.26), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

DEAF?—The "Ecrade" guaranteed, makes the deaf hear! Try it.—Write City Ecrade Co., 35, Shudehill, Manchester.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 215, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind of gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum, scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," The Sure Killer.

SMOKING enjoyable, healthy, economical. Karah Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes. Also afford instant relief Asthma, Hay Fever. Mixture 4 oz. 1/6; 8 oz. 2/9; 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 9d. Box-de-Luxe, 50, 1/8; 100, 3/3. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

HUNGRY FOR FATHERHOOD. The lament of the barren man. T. Bowen Partington gives a message of hope to the childless in this week's "Health and Strength." 3d. from all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

A FREE Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, sufficient for 10 shaves, is offered on the front cover in this issue. Carefully address your application to The Palmolive Co. (of England), Ltd., Dept. S.C. 21-23, Eagle Street, W.C.1.

THE FREE Catalogue offered by The Midland Furnishing Co., 10-18, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, contains hundreds of illustrations showing a splendid choice of the actual goods on view in their extensive showrooms. —Just send a postcard and a copy will be forwarded free.

A Complete Hot Water Installation for a fraction of the usual cost! The Boyle Water Heater is well within your means. Read about this clever, time and money-saving invention. (Descriptive advert. page 3.)

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cigarette papers
OUT IN A FLASH

A GENUINE BLOCK AMBER NECKLACE *free*

FOR 200 COUPONS FROM

Black Cat

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10 for 6D

"Isn't it handsome! Yes, it's real block-amber. I think its perfectly lovely and it goes so well with my dress. I told Jack he was a dear, but he wouldn't have it. He said a fellow who liked a good cigarette *had* to smoke BLACK CATS, anyway—and the Black Cat people gave him the necklace FREE. I'm delighted with it, and he's delighted with his Black Cats, so we're both pleased."

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Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

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On Other Pages—

The Poisoner of Manhood, by "Woodbine Willie" *(The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)* ... **p. 15**

Great Racing Ramp ...	p. 10	Strange Bigamy Case ...	p. 13
A Religious Hoax ...	p. 12	A Lying Scoundrel ...	p. 14
Bankrupt Twelve Times ...	p. 12	A Purple Pamphlet ...	p. 14

The Insane Sahara, by the Rt. Hon. the Earl Beauchamp, K.G., K.C.M.G. p. 18

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Drifting to Death.

The coal dispute threatens to do slowly what the general strike tried to do quickly—bring industry to a standstill. The time to stop creeping paralysis is before it begins. Soon it will be too late.

The Fatal Road.

We are drifting towards the worst of all eventualities—a hunger settlement. The result will be more bitterness and bad blood, and the certainty of a bigger crisis later on.

Money for Nothing.

About £6,000,000 a year is paid in royalties to owners of coal-bearing land in this country. Let's hear more about that fact and less about reducing colliers' wages.

Hewing by Hand.

The yearly output of coal per person employed in the mines of this country is 217 tons. In France it is 152 tons, and in Belgium 141 tons. It's a fact to remember when talk runs wild.

It's Coming.

A more enlightened age will not waste coal by burning it raw. Coal can be converted into vital commodities ranging from "petrol" to manure. Any plan for reconstruction of the mines which doesn't take this into consideration is tinkering with the job.

Strike Oil!

Sufficient oil could be derived from British coal to make safe our supplies of oil-fuel. We stay in Mesopotamia because of the Government interests in its oilfields. Sell out and invest in the potential home oilfield!

"This is a Man!"

The breakdown of Lord Oxford and Asquith touches us all, to whatever Party we belong. It is to our credit that we are able to perceive virtues in friend and foe alike, hence everybody will wish the venerable leader a speedy recovery.

Jockeying for the Lead.

Those who are riding Viscount Grey for the Asquith succession in the Liberal leadership are plainly trying to make the running. But they have yet to round Tattenham Corner. And is Lloyd George likely to put his fund into the sweepstakes?

Constructive Development.

The Secretary for the Dominions is preaching the wisdom of concentrating upon the development of the internal trade of the Empire. If he would abandon his wild-cat schemes in the East money would be available to this desirable end.

Progressing Backwards.

Bread, flour, meat, tea, bacon, butter—all have increased in price since the Food Council sat a year ago. A few more Government enquiries and only millionaires will be able to eat at all!

Taxing Riddle.

Income-tax in France is a farce. The latest "joke" is a threatened strike of tax-collectors. They can't live on their pay and France can't live on the taxes. The truth is that any country which refuses to take its finance seriously is doomed.

The Devil's Game.

As a reply to Singapore, Japan proposes to increase her warship programme. So the devil's game goes on.

Week-end Wickedness.

Most wages are paid at week-ends, when up go food prices. The Food Council is still in being. It must set in motion the machinery to stop the week-end ramp.

If So, Why?

Boards of guardians are to give effect to the Ministry of Health's circular declaring relief unlawful if applicants are able-bodied and work available. Why relief was ever given in such circumstances is what we want to know.

There's Land Here, Too.

Sixty men, properly trained by the Ministry of Labour, leave for Canadian farms on June 26. Now we want a scheme for training men and settling them down to food-growing in this country.

Potatoes, Pigs, Rabbits, Bees!

To render men dependent for food on purchasing at shops and then allow them to become penniless by unemployment is the most cruel of modern ironies. A man with his own potato-patch needn't altogether starve. Men must have that patch.

A Cot and a Plot.

Why was the "back to the land" policy dropped by politicians? A cot and a plot and a pig is still the best solution for unemployment.

The Ban on Bacon.

During four months ending April 30 our expenditure on foreign bacon was £13,878,167. The total annual value of all the pig raising in this country barely reaches £9,000,000. Could short-sighted folly go further?

Pigs and Prosperity.

Should English pig farmers fail to take full advantage of the embargo on Continental carcases they will have only themselves to blame. The opportunity is here, now: let them make the most of it or for ever hold their peace!

2,000 GUINEAS!

Don't delay your entry for this record "Bullets"
Prize—you have only a few days left!

Turn to page 35 and win a fortune

Nature's Way.

Male children born in the first three months of this year give a proportion of 1,036 to every 1,000 females. When we've done away with war we'll be able to keep the sex balance even.

Fewer Babies.

The birth-rate shows the worst quarter's figures for seven years. It's no surprise. People who are houseless and workless aren't in a hurry to add to their difficulties by bringing children into the world.

The Downgrade.

Imports in May were £81,199,444, just £23,067,185 less than in May last year. Exports were £45,763,971, a reduction of £18,440,513 in the corresponding period. A blind horse could see that moral.

Human Waste.

Scores of youthful miners—homeless, penniless, hopeless—in sheer desperation are taking to the roads. How the faces of these tragic lads must haunt the dreams of those responsible for prolonging the dispute.

The Government Moves.

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has just published a big pamphlet for the guidance of makers of fish suppers. Maybe the Government can't settle the coal problem, but it does know how to manage chips.

T'Lancashire Wa'ay.

Fifteen per cent. of the potatoes eaten in this country are consumed as chips, the cotton country leading with 60 per cent. The Government advises a flat potato for the job, round ones give "too many small chips." Talk of the wisdom of Socrates!

Good News.

Hopes of industrial development are raised in North Devon by the striking of a thick seam of anthracite coal near Bideford. There's money for digging and men for the spades. Don't wait.

Potential Madness.

"Lethal rays are being invented to shrivel up, paralyse, or poison human beings," says Major-General F. D. Swinton. If ever used they'll prove the human intellect already shrivelled and paralysed.

Provocative.

Messrs. Buck and Hickman, of Whitechapel, refused to pay their rates on the grounds that the Stepney Borough Council deprived them illegally of electric supply during the strike. This attitude is foolish. Never yet did two wrongs make a right.

Burma's Girl Slaves.

Revelations regarding the great number of girl slaves in Burma demand investigation. Stories of girls sold for life as domestic servants and mercilessly thrashed for the slightest fault make ugly reading.

JOHN BULL.
The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Conquering a Nightmare.

It is good to learn that a London chemist has invented a test whereby premature burial will be rendered impossible. A piece of bright blue thread is sewn through a fold of skin after presumed death. This will turn yellow when life is actually extinct, otherwise it will retain its original colour. Another dreadful dread removed!

Cold Charity.

A recent report made by a health inspector who visited Kingsbridge Poor-law Infirmary states that the buildings are clean but cold. "On the day of my visit the fires were not lighted before 3 p.m. The equipment is also inadequate. Blankets are worn thin, and are folded twice to secure any warmth." These complaints having been referred to a committee, we trust that something will be done before next winter.

Facts to Ponder.

Every nation ambitious to keep its place in the world must look after the health of its babies. That is why peculiar interest attaches to the fact, brought out in recent scientific investigations, that fewer Jewish babies die than those of any other race in Europe or the U.S.A. No matter how poor the family, the Jewish mother gives her baby full maternal care. And that, all the world over, is the only real solution of infant welfare.

No Reprisals!

We cannot commend the stand taken by those trade unionists who refuse to help the hospital carnivals this year because medical students took a hand in helping the public over its transport difficulties during the general strike. No one needs the help of hospitals more than the workers themselves. In any case, it's cruel to spite the sick for industrial troubles. Don't let the hospitals suffer for things the sufferers can't help!

A Blot on the Earth.

The authorities of the Casino at Monte Carlo are ever on the look out for tragedy; hence, when an Englishwoman who had been losing heavily chanced to pop a throat lozenge into her mouth, she was seized, hustled into an anteroom, and, in spite of her protests, made to swallow a powerful emetic. A place where suicides have become a common occurrence should be wiped off the face of the earth.

A Strike Echo.

Employees of the Bath Electric Tramway Company complain that they were urged to join the Transport Union by their manager prior to the general strike, but after their return to work they were called upon to sign non-union forms. Now some apparently have been told that they are no longer required, whilst others are still waiting to be called back to work. This is not the kind of spirit advocated by the Premier.

In the Back.

Detective-Inspector Albert Boreham, of Ridgdale Street, Bow, had a drunken wife, in spite of which he treated her with kindness and consideration. Yet, after the woman died, anonymous letters were sent hinting at cruelty, poison, and badness only knows what. Medical evidence proved that there was not a scrap of foundation for these wild charges, and we congratulate the inspector on his vindication. Such slanderers are too cowardly even for contempt!

An Epileptic's Plight.

Whilst he was in an Epileptic Colony at Chalfont, Bucks, Mr. H. Lovering, of Canetry Road, Colesford, Glos, obtained parish relief for his wife and two children. When he came home on holiday in December, 1925, one of his children died, and Mr. Lovering refused to return to the colony. Relief has now been stopped, and this unfortunate man's appeals for assistance until he can start in business, or for a few tools to enable him to do boot-repairing, have been refused. His case is surely one which merits the sympathetic attention of the authorities.

Christian Forgiveness.

After her maid had stolen two rings worth £125, Mrs. Florence Hale, of Bath, agreed to take the culprit back into her service if she were placed on probation. Foolish, many will say. We call it a splendid act of Christian charity.

Providing for Pussy.

Mr. St. John Morrow, the West Ham magistrate, performed a humane service when he reminded holiday-makers that they are answerable to the law for neglecting to provide for the pets they leave behind. Thoughtlessness in this respect is criminally reprehensible.

Jail No Cure.

Charles Gallagher, of New Sneddon Street, Paisley, now doing thirty days' toil in jail, is an idler of some repute. During the past five years he has done nothing but idle his time away, and for recreation amused himself by thrashing his poor wife. Gallagher is evidence of an unsolved social problem. Jail is not always a cure for the idle wreckers of matrimonial happiness.

Eighty Years Young.

The Browning Grandfathers' Club has left London for its annual fortnight's holiday in the care of its secretary, a mere youngster of sixty. Travelling down to Littlehampton by motor-car, with wives, sons and daughters, and married grandsons to see them off, they set an example of high spirits and fun. It's never too late to be merry. The trouble is that so few ever begin.

A Starvation Living.

King's Cliffe is without a vicar because any who go to do the work of the church there soon realise what it feels like to be poor. The work of the Master is hampered by a rambling rectory with seventeen rooms, which, with five acres of land also to be maintained, reduces the income of the "living" to the starvation pittance of £150 per year. The Church ought not to condemn its workers to such shabby gentility.

The Human Machine

Look Up!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

NEVER confuse the improbable with the impossible. More disheartenment has been occasioned and more careers wrecked by the failure to make this simple distinction than by any other means.

A great many things appear improbable to the average man. If he really thinks few should appeal to him as being impossible.

Twenty years ago I knew one of the present M.P.s who would have thought anyone crazy who had suggested that he would ever have been a Cabinet Minister.

He was not an M.P. in those days; he was not even looking forward to a political career.

But he did eventually plunge into politics. He gained Cabinet rank, and he would not now confuse the improbability of his being Premier with the impossibility of it. He would cheerfully agree with me that to a man of energy and determination nothing is impossible.

You never know what to-morrow has in store for you. What seems out of reach to-day may to-morrow be an accomplished fact.

IN any case, the great thing is to aim high enough and reach out as far as you can.

Keep an ideal in front of you that seems just out of reach, for that is the real secret of the urge of ambition.

You may never attain it, but you will get further than the man who keeps his eyes on the ground.

And you never know—you may get even further than you dream.

The Saving Hand.

Mr. J. Robbins, a solicitor's clerk, of Egham, is a man who has proved that he is not caught out by an emergency. A small boy was being drowned in the Thames, but Mr. Robbins paddled a canoe to the rescue, and although the tricky craft overturned, he held on to the boy and got him to safety. The plucky perseverance of Mr. Robbins cheated the Thames of a victim.

A Heartless Brute.

A helpless little three-months-old baby is unfortunate in having for its daddy a cruel brute of the type of Bernard Smith. After spilling the blood of the woman he had vowed at the altar to love and cherish, the heartless coward attacked his babe with his fists, causing it injury. Three months' hard has transferred his postal address from London Road, Blackpool, to Preston jail. And a lucky brute he was to escape a rope's noose.

A Fiery Rector.

Listen to the Rev. Dr. Leslie Wright, rector of Cranham, Essex, to his parishioners: "You require a tight rein. I will not be brought to book by anyone. I have never been managed yet, and am not going to start now. You might not like the curb, but you will have to put up with it." It looks as though the reverend gentleman looks upon his parishioners as very naughty boys. Were we his Bishop we should want to know what this is all about.

Misnamed Love.

When Michael Matthews, the young Southampton musician, sentenced to two months' hard labour for threatening to shoot his rival and "finish" his sweetheart, Rosina Davis, pleaded that he was "madly in love" with the girl, he mistook his emotions. Love seeks the peace and happiness of its object. Most of all, love is self-sacrifice.

Modern Miracles.

What a wonderful thing is wireless at sea! The Dominion steamer *Port Adelaide*, passing through the Red Sea, receives a message that a doctor is urgently needed for a passenger on the *Bardistan*. Captain Hayter puts on full steam ahead to meet the oncoming vessel; they meet, the doctor visits the patient, does what is necessary to save a life, and goes on his way. It marks the difference when science is turned towards meeting human needs and not for destructive ends.

Not a "Dumb" Friend.

Death by slow freezing was very nearly the fate of Mr. H. W. Bowditch, a butcher's assistant at Weymouth, who by a mischance found himself trapped in the cold-storage chamber, the automatic lock fast, and no human being with knowledge of his plight. When numbed and helpless there came a whimpering. The shop dog had found him and barked so that the staff heard, and Mr. Bowditch was rescued. Only a dog, but a pal whose sagacity saved a man's life.

What of the Bride?

Could tragedy go further than for a bonny young lassie to be called upon to follow her lover to the grave on the day that should have seen the celebration of their nuptials? That was the fate of her who was to have wed John Noble Soulsby, the twenty-three-year-old member of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, shot through the head while acting as a marker on Pirbright ranges. We agree with the Brookwood coroner that a life has been needlessly lost.

A Merited Rebuke.

Miss Sarah Lewis, of Victoria Park Road, Hackney, well merited the rap over the knuckles administered to her by Mr. Clarke Hall. An eighteen-year-old girl, Helen Davies, from South Wales, was engaged by Miss Lewis' mother as a domestic; and because she did not wish to remain with her employer she gave notice. Her boots were removed, and when she retaliated by taking another pair, together with other trifles which she intended to hold till her own property was returned, she was given in charge for theft. No wonder servants are scarce.

Shame on Her!

When a fox-terrier puppy ventured into the yard of Mrs. Eliza Staples at Bethnal Green and put its paws on her window-sill, she struck it with a broom-handle so that eight of its ribs were fractured and it died. For this act she was at Old Street Police Court fined £3 and £2 2s. costs. A person of ungovernable temper with no pity for the helpless.

The Tubercular Meat Case.

Mr. Richard J. Rowdon, Sanitary and Meat Inspector, Staines, writes us with reference to the tubercular animal purchased in that district by a Kingston butcher, and commented on in our columns, that there are two areas in the Staines district, each having an inspector, and that the area concerned is not his. We are pleased to publish Mr. Rowdon's disclaimer.

Romance Killed.

Recently, the Mayor of Chester received a letter from a wife-hunter who signed himself "Richard Quirk," described himself as a native of that fine old city, and said he had prospered in Australia. Since that letter was given publicity the mayor has had enquiries made, with the result that he has decided not to act. Had he enquired first Quirk would not now be in possession of the letters of some of the women who replied.

Meanness Personified.

To steal from the starving is surely the lowest depth of caddishness. Yet that was reached by James Irvine, of Dover, secretary of a group of miners collecting funds for wives and children. At Hastings he was lucky to be merely bound over, on his colleagues undertaking to send him home and take away his collecting-box, for stealing 11s. 6d. from the money contributed.

Caging Innocent Men.

When John Cuthbert Wallace Jennings was sentenced for defrauding the Gloucester County Council of £324, consideration was given to the fact that he had already spent four months in jail awaiting trial. Even if it was not a case for bail, such delay is a scandal. The man might have been guiltless, and in the eyes of the law a prisoner is presumed to be innocent till actually convicted. The very phrase, "Remand prison," is an illogical contradiction.

In Shylock's Grip.

We like the advice given by Mr. B. Bailey, chairman of the Stratford Bench, when a young woman living at Leyton applied for relief from a moneylender. In 1924 she obtained a loan of £60 and was given £43, the rest being retained for "office charges." In all she has paid to this shark £75 and now is notified that only £2 has been written off the loan! "Don't pay another penny," said Mr. Bailey. "Let them take you to the County Court, and then expose the facts." But will it keep other people from this kind of net?

A Cottage Tragedy.

A sad tragedy occurred the other day in the home of one of our readers—Mr. E. M. Cocks, Sticklynch, West Pennard, Glastonbury. His little cottage was completely gutted through fire and all that remained of the home that had been built up with loving care was four walls and a heap of débris. Out of the wreckage, however, has come one consolation. Mr. E. M. Cocks was wise enough to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and has received a cheque for £100 under our free insurance scheme.

Cranks and Charity.

On what grounds the Commissioners for the Special Purposes of the Income Tax adjudged the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches of England and Wales to be a charitable organisation, and entitled to exemption from income-tax, passes our comprehension. Included in their avowed aims are Sunday closing, reduction of licensed premises, control of clubs, abolition of grocers' licences, and local option—which some might claim to be crank propaganda. We are glad that Mr. Justice Rowlatt allowed the Crown's appeal against an absurd decision.

The Man who Knows.

Harry Clayton, of 29, Warwick Row, Coventry, is a racing tipster who describes himself as "The Man of Knowledge." The other day, however, he sent out circulars claiming two successes and stating that he could not comprehend why his tips had not been taken by certain clients. As one of his "winners" was a non-runner, recipients of his circular should pause before sending money for future tips.

An Elusive Watch.

A Norfok reader sent 3s. to R. Lloyd, of 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N.19, for a chain to go with a watch which she was under the impression she had "won." As she only received a very inferior chain she sent it back at once, whereupon R. Lloyd forwarded another chain and asked for 6s. for which he promised to send the elusive watch together with seventy-two postcards. We advise her to part with no more money.

Organised Robbery.

Sad revelations of the widespread evils of secret commissions are made by Mr. E. L. Vinden, a South Kensington florist. The West End of London is honeycombed with petty blackmailers in the person of servants who wax rich on tolls extorted from unhappy traders who receive their orders for household supplies. But why pay these illegal tolls? Then prices might be lowered for humbler folk who order their own supplies.

The Diehard 'Busman.

In spite of repeated exposures, W. Gill, who describes himself as "one of the few remaining old horse 'busmen," continues to organise his own charity concerts. Tickets have been printed for "A select Concert" to be held on July 29 at St. Edward's Hall, Finchley Road, Golders Green, N.W.11, and are priced at 1s. This diehard 'busman has been to jail on no fewer than eleven occasions for frauds in this connection.

A Travelling Specialist.

Mr. Lynton Bradley is a "specialist" who seems to specialise in travelling from town to town, holding consultations in local hostels with sufferers from diverse complaints. He does not claim to be a qualified medical man, but undertakes to treat such diseases as rheumatism, deadly catarrh, lumbago, head and ear noises by his own methods. The public would be better advised to place themselves in the hands of an established medical man.

A Harassed Home-builder.

A. Braybrook, an engineer's fitter, of Bury St. Edmunds, is an ex-Service man who sought to solve his own housing problem by erecting a bungalow to shelter his wife and two children. The authorities, however, have frowned upon his efforts, and have given him fourteen days' grace in which to submit plans for altering the building to conform with the by-laws. We are glad that he has been given this chance, and hope that the local surveyor will not be too exacting. This ex-Service man's efforts to provide a suitable home for his family deserves to be encouraged.

Bogus Police Echo.

"There are eight of us sent down from Leman Street to round up some of you bookmakers," declared a man named George Tourle, when attempting to extort money from a bookmaker whom he had threatened with "arrest." The bluff failed, however, for Tourle was himself arrested and fined £10 at Bromley Police Court—the maximum penalty for "unlawfully representing himself to be a police officer." As pointed out in our recent exposures, such a penalty for an offence which casts unsavoury suspicion upon the administration of the police force is inadequate.

Reader's Cottage Gutted
"JOHN BULL"
TO THE RESCUE
(See page-2)

Problems of Life

Is Conflict Necessary?

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A FOREIGN observer, writing to one of the daily newspapers, says that England has come marvellously through two trials of her stability within less than ten years—one from without and one from within—and has emerged triumphant but shaken.

Prof. J. Arthur Thomson

Ten years ago we were bearing the brunt of the Great War, and now, partly as a result of that titanic struggle, we are having to endure internal stresses caused by industrial deadlock.

Is it necessary that we should go on fighting? This is, perhaps, the most urgent question of our time, and various answers are being given to it.

One of the commonest is that all life is a warfare, and that no human being can hope to escape what is characteristic of the whole animal creation.

One species preys upon another, and must depend upon its own defensive resources to escape (for a time) being preyed on in turn.

It is not always the strongest that wins, but the one that will certainly lose is the one that refrains from putting up a fight.

A MODIFICATION of this view, in so far as it affects human life, is that with advancing civilisation and the development of our ethical instincts men ought to be able to exercise their fighting propensities on a higher plane than that of killing one another.

That great thinker, the late William James of Harvard, said that the man of the future must somehow find a substitute for war without ceasing to be a fighter. But are we not in process of doing this already? Mankind has always done it more or less.

There is good reason to believe that war is a disease of civilisation rather than a normal development. The same is true of our economic division of interest and use of brute force.

How many readers know that before recorded history began people were living in Europe in decent comfort and without war?

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON says that the old tradition of a golden age in which men dwelt together in peace and security had some foundation in fact, for if it had not been so the human race would never have risen above animalism.

Cereals, vegetables, and fruits would never have been grown from wild aboriginal stocks, he argues, unless the cultivators could have been reasonably sure of plenty of time and of peace in which to labour, and he computes that southern Europe was more prosperous then than now.

Once we cease to believe in the inevitableness of strife we shall get back to the fundamental simplicities of existence and make swift advance in the art of happiness.

HAMMOND'S SHAM FIGHT

GREAT RACING RAMP

Bang Goes Another Bubble!

A FEW months ago, at the commencement of the racing season, a colossal scheme was hatched in the West End of London for fleecing S.P. offices of large sums of money.

The matter was referred to generally in the Press, but it was left to JOHN BULL to name the people who were launching the scheme.

The campaign opened with the insertion in newspapers throughout the country of an advertisement calling for agents to place commissions in respect of certain horses, the names of which would be communicated in confidence.

From the outset we warned a large number of individual enquirers through the post to be very cautious in the matter, and for the benefit of the public we published a strong warning, advising them to demand an initial deposit as security should they contemplate acting on behalf of the firm in question—Charles Hammond and Co., of 32, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

A typical case

The notepaper used by Charles Hammond and Co., for instance, was of a grade calculated to inspire confidence. It was tastefully printed, and boasted no fewer than ten telephone lines!

Our timely warning no doubt saved many people from taking up the proposition, and there is small wonder, therefore, that we were very soon served with a writ by the company's solicitors.

We were in no way perturbed. We had gathered a mass of evidence to substantiate our statements, and a typical case of one commission agent who acted with insufficient caution will serve to show how Charles Hammond and Co. conducted their business.

This agent got into touch with the company as the result of its advertisements and finally entered into an agreement whereby he undertook to invest certain sums of money with other commission agents, with whom he had weekly accounts, on horses communicated to him in confidence.

He further undertook to forward all net winnings weekly, less 7½ per cent. in addition to the cost of postages, 'phone charges and wires.

Charles Hammond (described as

Lord Lonsdale, Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, through which organisation the Turf can be purged of such schemes as that revealed in this article

"The Principal") undertook in return to pay the agent a nominal salary of £25 per annum and to pay all losses up to a given limit.

When this agreement was signed, the agent received a letter from Charles Hammond and Co., referring in a very dignified tone to "attacks in the Press."

"An idea such as ours," they wrote, "is bound to be under review, but our standing enables us to satisfy all enquiries."

The agent was told that appropriate legal steps had been taken, and it was pointed out that "complete confidence" was desirable on both sides. They awaited his further word before opening his account.

Needless to say, this pompous letter inspired confidence; but the agent very wisely took the precaution of asking the company to remit cash to cover its commissions.

This request, however, was ignored by Charles Hammond and Co., who asked for "credit for at least £100," and mentioned that they would not be placing large commissions until confidence was established.

The agent thereupon foolishly compromised by allowing the company a credit of £20 daily. The first commission for this amount resulted in a loss of £1 6s. 8d.

He claimed this sum plus 3s. wiring expenses, and in due course received a cheque for the net amount, and no mention was made of the expenses.

Beaten by publicity

He was now induced to place a number of further commissions, which resulted in a total loss of £84 11s. 8d., and although he wrote many times requesting payment the only satisfaction he obtained was a circular letter asking for "a few days' grace" as many of the company's debtors had not paid up.

Meanwhile the agent received a further shock. The cheque for £1 6s. 8d., which represented all he had ever received from the company, was now returned from the bank marked "R.D."

That is how matters stand in this case at the moment, and there are doubtless countless other agents who have been treated in the same way.

What is the position to-day? The whole thing has fizzled out. It has been beaten by publicity, for Hammond and Co. has admitted defeat by "wholly discontinuing" its action against JOHN BULL.

Young Emigrant's Fate

Who Is to Blame?

IN 1922 a young English lad named Ernest Richardson went out to Australia to take up a new life.

He had never followed farming pursuits, and his slight experience as a clerk was of little service to him in the land of his adoption.

What his trials and struggles may have been during the past four years, we cannot say, but the ultimate sequel is a tragedy which reflects little credit upon those who are responsible for looking after emigrants.

A sad end

For, in April this year, a huddled form was discovered in a drain by the roadside, five miles or so from Goulburn, New South Wales.

It was the body of Ernest Richardson, a very different Ernest Richardson from the hopeful young immigrant who had stepped ashore at Sydney four years previously.

Beaten at last

He was clad only in a thin cotton shirt and dungaree trousers, with no underclothing of any kind. In the pocket of his threadbare coat was discovered a grim relic—a birthday greeting from his father, reading as follows:—

"To Ernest, wishing you many happy returns of the day on your twenty-second birthday, from Father and Albert, hoping you are sticking fast."

Young Richardson had been "sticking fast" for four years, and had been beaten in the process.

He was a brave lad who none will blame for not making a success of his new life—particularly as evidence given at a post-mortem examination would suggest that he was further handicapped by ill-health.

According to the medical officer's report Richardson's right lung had been completely destroyed by chronic disease. The heart was abnormally enlarged and other organs were seriously affected.

Explanation needed

Because young Richardson has died in a lonely and remote spot are the circumstances of his end to be forgotten?

Australia is appealing for emigrants. But it would seem that the provisions for safeguarding youngsters of this type leave much to be desired.

We think this is a case where the immigration authorities should be called upon to give some explanation

Gold for Greenhorns

Giving Away a Fortune

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO., who describe themselves as "consulting engineers and syndicate managers," of 205, St. James Street, Montreal, would appear to be kindly disposed towards a number of people in this country to whom they have just addressed a very interesting circular.

They take it for granted that these people have read in the daily Press of the great "Bonanza Strikes," made in Northern Quebec, and that they have also heard about the "Abana Mine," which "promises to become another mining sensation like the 'Noranda,' which made fortunes for the small investors, and many independent for life."

Acting on this assumption, they go on to state that "before the Abana Mine was diamond drilled, which made available millions of dollars' worth of rich gold, silver, zinc and copper ore," they secured an option on a block of their treasury stock at a price which to-day is "ridiculously low," as since then the value of the stock has multiplied.

A wonderful offer

This is very nice for J. H. Williams and Co., but we are astonished to learn that they have not the slightest desire themselves to take advantage of their good fortune. Not a bit of it. They are giving it away!

And, still more extraordinary, they have selected their British cousins as lucky participants in their good fortune.

"We are offering you a participation at 80 cents a share," runs their generous circular. "This offer, in our opinion, constitutes one of the greatest opportunities we have ever seen to make an enormous profit in a short time."

In case the people addressed should feel surprised at receiving a communication of such warmth and generosity from a firm "probably unknown" to them, J. H. Williams and Co. explain that they have made arrangements with one of their leading banking institutions to act as intermediaries in this transaction.

A remarkable feature

This institution is the Sun Trust Company, and as all cheques are to be made payable to them, it is hoped that "this will establish our bona fides at the outset."

As a matter of fact, the Sun Trust is only a small concern, and is little known to Canadian bankers. Another significant point is that, though the cheques are to be made payable to the Sun Trust Company, they are to be forwarded to J. H. Williams and Co.!

People will be mugs, indeed, if they allow themselves to be swayed by such impossible offers. It should be obvious to everyone that if the prospects were as stated J. H. Williams would keep the shares for themselves, and not go to the trouble and expense of circularising complete strangers in a distant country.

A D.S.O. DISGRACED

MAJOR ALDWORTH AND JOHN BULL

Why the Jury Stopped the Case

THE BAIT
A TYPICAL ADVERTISEMENT

"Major Aldworth, D.S.O., The Army Partnership Expert, 160, Victoria Street, S.W., guarantees that he has more genuine openings than any other firm, and recommends (here follows a list of alleged business openings). Major Aldworth does not entertain rubbish. Ex-Service men only are employed by the firm."

And in another advertisement:

"Why be sorry? Go to Major Aldworth and be sure."

LAST week, before the Lord Chief Justice of England, Major Aldworth, D.S.O., brought an action for libel against JOHN BULL.

The action lasted for several days and might have gone on for some time longer, but the jury took a very remarkable course.

It invited his lordship to stop the case, without putting Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., the able counsel for the defence, to the trouble of addressing the court.

That is, as we say, a very remarkable course, and we are naturally proud that a jury should have endorsed so emphatically the severe indictment of Major Aldworth made in these columns.

In one way we regret it. It deprived us, and the public, of the privilege of hearing what the Lord Chief Justice of England would have had to say of the subject-matter of the action.

We cannot, of course, speculate as to what he would have said, but we quote elsewhere on this page a significant question of his during the hearing.

The charges which we made against Major Aldworth were extremely grave. We charged him with using his military title and decorations to dupe unwary hunters for jobs.

We told him that, in our opinion, he had been guilty of disgraceful conduct. That grave censure has now been endorsed by a jury of his fellow-citizens.

Aldworth's audacious advertisements

What he did need only be briefly summarised here, in the case of a man named Ingram.

This man, coming out of the Army, saw the audacious and brazen advertisements of Major Aldworth. He went to him and was induced to invest £200 in a firm of haulage contractors, called Summerfield and Williams, in the Old Kent Road. He lost his money. The firm failed.

He got judgment against them, but only to find that the lorries they used were not their own, but were on hire. He got nothing and is now unable even to find the partners in the firm.

To raise this money he commuted part of his pension, and Major Aldworth helped him to do this.

If Major Aldworth had made any adequate enquiries the ex-sergeant who trusted him would have saved his money. We said that his remissness was a gross scandal.

What was Major Aldworth's excuse? That he had a partner. There was once a firm immortalised by Dickens, "Spenlow and Jorkins," the partners of which existed for the purpose of being quoted by each other as a plea.

In any case that was the explanation Major Aldworth proffered. He left everything to Mr. Wilson, an extremely convenient arrangement.

If there was any bad taste in using his title and decorations in this wretched business the fault was Mr. Wilson's. He over-persuaded the modest and retiring major! So at least the jury was asked to believe. But he did not call Mr. Wilson as a witness. Why?

A Mr. Beachey was put into the box to tell us how enquiries were made for Major Aldworth's firm. He admitted that he called on a firm, asked it a few questions, took everything he was told for granted, did not inspect any books or documents, and then reported to headquarters.

What the judge wanted to know

It is on perfunctory enquiries of this kind by a man who admitted that he had not much business experience that dupes were invited to part with their money.

Mr. Beachey had been a soldier and a miner and an electrician and was visibly embarrassed when asked if he was the Army Partnership expert.

Lord Hewart was most anxious to find out what an Army Partnership expert is. Nobody would, or could, tell him.

Yet Major Aldworth was content to go on drawing money out of the commissions—his firm took over £20 in Ingram's case—largely paid by ex-

Major Aldworth, D.S.O.

soldiers for a perfunctory and disastrous service of this kind.

And all the time his wretched plea—I didn't know. It was Wilson, not I. I am an honourable gentleman. All I did was to pocket the money of the ruined ex-soldiers who trusted my title and decorations.

"I didn't know." In one sentence he admitted that twenty men, mostly ex-Service men, had lost £5,000 between them through his firm's disastrous recommendations.

These twenty men—one of them a helpless cripple and many out of work—were in court waiting to give evidence for JOHN BULL. They were there to prove that, in taking up their cases, we had not said one word that was not justified. But the jury had heard enough without them.

Yet they were by no means the only victims of this disastrous business. To give some indication of the magnitude of the "partnerships" side of the firm's business, it was admitted that in this department alone over £8,000 had been turned over in the course of four months!

And Aldworth had the cynical impudence to pretend that he was

MAJOR ALDWORTH IN THE BOX

Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C. (for JOHN BULL): "Had you never read in the papers of ex-Service men who had been deceived and of people being prosecuted for offering lucrative appointments to ex-Service men in return for the payment of a sum of money down?"

Major Aldworth, D.S.O.: "I had heard of it."

The Lord Chief Justice: "Did you not know that it was about the commonest form of swindling in the country?"

Major Aldworth, D.S.O.: "No, my lord."

unacquainted with the circumstances, and that even though complaints were addressed to his firm they either did not reach him, or, if they did, he did not think it necessary to overhaul his business and curb the Mr. Wilson, who he now says precipitated the disaster.

This is not the place to recite the list of the ruined dupes of his wanton and scandalous negligence.

But we may add that this firm, with its military title and appeal, put two other victims into this haulage business—one of whom put £200 into it and the other £40. Their money, too, was lost.

Major Aldworth did endeavour to find the haulage contractors. He had heard that they were in Croydon, and he went there to look for them in a public-house.

An illuminating reply

In reply to a question from the Lord Chief Justice, he admitted that there was such a thing as a Post Office Directory, but that he had not thought of looking it up. It was this kind of nonsense that no doubt induced the jury to stop the case.

When he was asked in court what view he took of his personal responsibility, he made an illuminating reply. "I ought to have went deeper into Mr. Wilson's department."

We do not quote his actual words to deride his grammar. But it is obviously the answer of a not very intelligent and not very well-educated man.

Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, who tried the case

That is the point. When you advertise Major Aldworth you do not necessarily suggest a vision of an old soldier, risen from the ranks, and not necessarily endowed with business acumen.

In this case Aldworth's business experience was confined, before he blossomed out as an Army Partnership expert, to some period spent as a baker and some as a bookmaker.

But a man looking for employment and reading his advertisements might naturally suppose that he was dealing with an ex-officer of an entirely different standing, education and experience, and one who was devoting himself to the protection and safeguarding of old soldiers.

Exploiting a title

That is what we meant by "exploiting his title and decorations." That is why we decided to put him out of business of this kind. We decided that he was exactly the kind of person from whom ex-soldiers and others should be protected.

It has cost this journal some thousands of pounds to fight this action. It is true that the Lord Chief Justice awarded us costs as well as a verdict in our favour. We are not so innocent as to suppose that we will recover any substantial part of them from Major Aldworth.

We do not regret the money. It was spent in exposing a despicable man, and in fighting the battle of those who could not help themselves, the war-broken and fleeced ex-soldiers.

A warning to others

This case has shown, unhappily, how easy it is to dupe unwary investors, to swindle them out of their money, to break them in health and hope, to shatter their homes, and then—the cruel, cowardly, contemptible excuse: "I didn't know."

Let Major Aldworth hide his diminished head. But let others, who follow the same lucrative game of beggar-my-neighbour, take heed of the retribution that has fallen on him. The ruin that fell on his victims was sore. Disgrace is a worse and harder thing to suffer.

A RELIGIOUS HOAX

THE NEW MESSIAH: Disquieting Disclosures

Three Bogus Bishops

THE claims of those posing as teachers of religion become more and more audacious. Below we tell the story of one of these teachers which is almost unbelievable. The pity of it all is that many converts are obtained

A SENSATION has been caused over the recent arrival in this country of a person who has been claimed as the "New Messiah." The person in question is a Hindu youth named Krishnamurti, but who passes amongst his close associates as Krishnaji.

Mr. Krishnamurti is the head of an organisation called the Order of the Star in the East, a sect to which we have already directed attention during the past few years.

For the moment this Hindu youth is not to become a public "Messiah," but only to fill that rôle so far as the members of the Order of the Star in the East are concerned.

All sorts of plans are being made for his future, and perhaps the most-talked-of possibility is the erection of a temple in the Highlands of Scotland where he will establish himself as the World Teacher.

An impious claim

Now, how has this young Hindu had been brought to his exalted state?

It is mainly through the influence of a person named "Bishop" Charles Leadbeater—who for years has openly stated that he has been vested with divine power to introduce the "New Messiah" to the world.

It was Mrs. Besant, the famous theosophist, who introduced Krishnamurti to the members of the Order of the Star in the East, on his arrival in London a week or two ago. On that occasion she stated one or two things which would appear to require a little explanation.

One of them was that the Founder of Christianity was taking over the body of Krishnamurti because it "had been carefully trained in the purity of life for that purpose."

What does Mrs. Besant mean when she says that Krishnamurti has been carefully trained in the purity of life?

Well-deserved condemnation

One thing we do know is that he has been under the tutelage of Charles Leadbeater. Leadbeater is a "bishop" who has been constantly condemned for vicious malpractices, and on one occasion was denounced by Mr. Justice Bakewell for holding opinions that were certainly immoral and such as to unfit him to be a tutor for boys.

This well-deserved condemnation came during the proceedings of a case in the Indian courts, where the father of Krishnamurti—the youth who is now heralded as the "New Messiah"—was endeavouring to regain the lad from the evil influences of Leadbeater.

Mrs. Besant has recently been in Holland making arrangements for the introduction of this youth, who, following his recent visits to London and Paris, is now to be presented as the "New Messiah" to the people of Northern Europe.

Discredited disciples

This is very interesting. The Bezantine Church in Holland is situated at a place called Deduinen, near Huizen, and until a few months ago the choir-boys of this establishment were, in the charge of an official named Kieft.

Krishnamurti, the "New Messiah"

This gentleman was towards the end of last year charged in Northern Holland with unspeakable offences concerning several of the lads in question, and the outcome of this scandalous affair was the fact that, after reserving judgment, the Court found Kieft guilty and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

In other words, Kieft was following Leadbeater in his peculiar teaching. A number of other disciples have also at times been conspicuous in regard to the practices in the nauseating Leadbeater doctrine.

How the "bishops" are made

And quite apart from this how do these people become "bishops"? Take the case of one named Wedgwood, who like Leadbeater is called a "bishop." Wedgwood is at present in Australia preaching the gospel of the New Messiah.

Bishop Wedgwood was consecrated by another "bishop" named Willoughby. Mr. Willoughby, some time ago, had the unpleasant experience of being expelled from the Church of England, having indulged in odious practices.

We do not know what the people of Holland will say about the reception of Krishnamurti. There is to be a temple built there too, in addition to six others in various parts of the world, including the one proposed for Scotland.

Where is the money coming from? Is the proposal that before Mr. Krishnamurti becomes vested with the divine power, prophesied by Mrs. Besant, he is to be introduced here, there and everywhere, in order that funds can be raised to meet the necessary expenditure?

No doubt a great many people who are associated with this "New Messiah" movement are swayed by genuinely sincere beliefs. But with the facts we have just outlined before them, they will perhaps look upon the matter in a different light.

BANKRUPT 12 TIMES

SEASON-TICKETS TO CAREY STREET

An Amazing Record

THE bankruptcy laws of this country are a farce. Liabilities running into thousands are incurred, and the "financiers" then coolly plead bankruptcy. In this way thousands of people are ruined and are unable to get any redress

WE have dealt with many flagrant bankruptcy cases in the past, but we have seldom met with a more amazing exponent of the gentle art of "financial failure" than Mr. Frederick Thomas Johnson, a builder, who resides at Maidenhead.

This gentleman's affairs have just come up for public examination at Windsor, but the bankruptcy court has no terrors for Mr. Johnson, who at first refused to be sworn.

The Official Receiver, Mr. Thomas Gourlay, however, impressed upon him the seriousness of his position and eventually succeeded in persuading him to take the oath.

What is the explanation of Mr. Johnson's delightfully casual manner? Why did he appear so at ease in a position which would cause most men considerable uneasiness?

Quite at home

He admitted that his statement of affairs showed liabilities amounting to £13,207 1s. 9d. against assets of £1,206 19s. 9d., but calmly observed that £11,483 of the deficit represented debts in *prior* bankruptcies.

He claimed, therefore, that the *real* debt in this instance was *only* £1,724!

There you have the secret of his free and easy manner. He appeared at his ease because he was at his ease. He was perfectly at home in the bankruptcy court for the simple reason that it was not his first appearance there.

As calmly as if he were commenting on the weather he remarked that he believed that this was his *twelfth* bankruptcy!

As a matter of fact, his "belief" was quite well founded. His amazing record reaches back to 1900 when he was declared bankrupt in the name of F. T. Johnson at Kingston.

Three years later he failed at Wandsworth as plain F. Johnson, and after another interval of three years he repeated the experiment at Birmingham, but assumed the name of Fredk. Elliott.

Why name was changed

Referring to this occasion, Johnson confided to the Official Receiver that he changed his name to change his luck; but it seems that the change was not justified, as in 1908, two years after the Birmingham affair, he failed again in the name of Frederick Thomas!

He was doubtless disappointed at the way in which the Good Lady Luck had failed to take her cue, and decided to try his own name once more.

But he fared no better. The year 1909 marked another failure at Plymouth for F. Johnson, whilst 1911 proved equally disastrous to F. T. Johnson at King's Lynn.

Now there came upon the scene Fredk. Ed. Elliott, and this gentleman graced the bankruptcy court at Greenwich with his presence in 1912.

The following year saw a "come back" of F. T. Johnson at Cambridge, and later, in 1915 to be precise, F. Johnson cropped up again at Poole.

After six years of retirement, an imposing gentleman known as F. T. Johnson, senr., went bankrupt at Ipswich, and this brings us back to the present appearance at Windsor.

An audacious admission

In opening his examination, the Official Receiver asked if it was not a fact that Johnson had never received his discharge in any of his prior bankruptcies, and the debtor was understood to concur.

Mr. Gourlay also elicited the information from Johnson that he had served no fewer than six terms of imprisonment for various offences under the Bankruptcy Acts.

He also suggested that Johnson had spent about forty-four months in prison in all, but the latter remarked that "He hadn't reckoned it up"!

It was stated in the course of the proceedings that the business which had occasioned the present failure had been started by Johnson without any capital, and the Receiver observed that he assumed that he would start again in the same way.

Johnson denied this, and when asked what he had found wrong with the procedure, audaciously remarked that he should have protected himself by forming a limited company.

Thriving on bankruptcy

He declared that that was the only method a bankrupt had of trading. "I am afraid," remarked the Receiver, "that your hopes that way are likely to be disappointed."

What a casual customer to be sure!

Central figure of no fewer than twelve bankruptcies in various parts of the country and quite unperturbed about the matter.

Hasn't bothered to reckon up how long he has spent in prison, and hasn't bothered, apparently, about the possible consequences of his prolonged record of bankruptcies.

What a farce! At least it would be so, if it were not for the very disquieting state of affairs which it reveals.

It is preposterous that one man should be permitted to thrive on bankruptcy in this way.

It may have its funny side, but it will not be readily apparent to the long list of creditors who have been involved by this casual gentleman to the total extent of something like £12,000.

STRANGE BIGAMY CASE

BRIDE'S TRAGIC DEATH-BED STORY

How Restitution can be Made

A FEW days ago there came to us from the distant isles of Shetland a story which, for poignant tragedy and cruel wrong, could not easily be equalled.

A grave has recently been dug for a once winsome lass, who suffered grievously in these last years, and whom sorrow brought to an early end. On her deathbed she made a statement which is now in our possession.

The story begins in 1919, when Georgina Forbes, of Lerwick, then on the threshold of womanhood, was courted by an ardent suitor, a member of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, whose military duties took him for a time to the Shetlands.

She returned his protestations of love with a real affection, and readily consented to become his wife.

A terrible discovery

They were married in the church at Lerwick, and immediately afterwards prepared to leave for the husband's home in Mansfield, Nottingham. They had not left before she met with the first of many stunning blows which fate held in store.

The husband was confronted by a young Lerwick woman who had given birth to a child of whom he was the father. Georgina forgave him and together they set out for the South.

Worse things awaited her there. The young bride, for whom life had been so rosy but a few days before, found that her man was a cad and a scoundrel.

Before a week had passed he turned her out of his mother's home and, indifferent to her tears and pleadings, sent her back to Shetland.

One need not dwell on the pain and humiliation of the poor girl. Her mother insisted that every step should be taken to force the man to provide for the young wife whom he had taken for better or for worse.

Georgina returned to Mansfield. What happened then is best told in the girl's own simple statement.

"He opened the door to me himself," she wrote, "but would not let me inside. I was forced to wander the streets among the rain for hours, hungry and penniless. I just had enough to wire to my mother that I was stranded.

"Before I could get an answer from home I had to claim police protection. They made him send me home and promise to maintain me."

She did not go home then. A situation was obtained in London, where she worked for a time. She hoped against hope, but her husband ignored her, and in the end she returned to Shetland broken in spirit.

The hope that was blighted

The years dragged on. Her health declined, but somehow she never lost hope that the man in whom she had placed such trust would return penitent and do the straight thing.

Alas for her hopes! *Last autumn information was received that her husband was "married" again, the bigamous ceremony having taken place within sixteen months of the wedding in the Shetland kirk.*

This was the final blow. Georgina had a severe nervous breakdown, and thereafter became a total invalid.

She lingered on for months, but was fated not to see another summer bring its soft winds over the green islands of Shetland, and lately she was laid to rest. There ends her story.

* * *

It is naturally asked: "What of the debased and cowardly cad who was the cause of all her misery? Is he to escape punishment?"

This is matter to which we have given serious consideration, and we have decided that it is only right and just that his name should be published.

The man's name is Renny Evans, of the Star Inn, Commercial Street, Mansfield, and it is an indisputable fact that he did go through a second form of marriage.

There are extraordinary features in the case. Evans' bigamy came officially under the notice of the Mansfield police at the time of the death of his real wife.

They did not prosecute, and instead of going to jail, Evans went to the register office, where another ceremony was gone through, in order to legalise his bigamous union!

The police presumably took the view that since the first wife was dead, the matter might be allowed to drop. Most of our readers, we think, will disagree.

There are cases of bigamy, committed long years after a separation, where a prosecution serves no good purpose. But the case of Renny Evans does not come under that category.

Georgina Forbes, from a photograph taken on her wedding day

There was no redeeming feature about his lapse. It was a case of deliberate and shameless bigamy.

Even now we do not press for a prosecution. There is one way in which Renny Evans can make a small atonement for a very great wrong.

Will shame avail?

Through the years when his forsaken wife was lingering in ill-health, she was a heavy burden on her mother, a poor woman who could ill afford the expense.

He is in a position to make some retribution to her, and at the same time to the other girl in the Shetlands whose child he has so long neglected.

We do not appeal to his honour. We know he hasn't much of that virtue. But we can safely leave it to the good people of Mansfield to shame him into his duty, so making himself a more worthy fellow-citizen.

Making the Angels Weep

The Church and the Sinner

THE Church in Ireland must indeed rejoice in the unflinching zeal with which its dignity and interests are guarded in the town of Castlebar.

Mary Ellen Goodwin, a weak-willed child of sixteen-and-a-half, wandered one day into the Church of St. Mary of the Rosary, where her eyes fell upon a candle-box containing, as it turned out, some ten shillings in coppers.

Mary Ellen was tempted and fell. She coveted a pair of nice new shoes which could be purchased in a nearby shop.

She bought these shoes, and paid for them, with subtle criminal cunning, out of the candle-box coppers. The shopman asked no questions, but her sin found her out, and she duly appeared at the local court on a charge laid by a reverend father of the Church.

The conquering desire

On the bench was District Justice Coyne, who took as serious a view of the case as the church authorities.

From the evidence it became very clear that the crime smacked not only of crime, but of sacrilege.

He sifted the whole affair to the bottom, when it transpired that the prisoner was a poor, uneducated farmer's daughter, who had been given a lift into the town by a passing motorist.

Not gifted with the finer powers of ethical reasoning, the stifled desire for finery innate in the best of women assailed her and won.

Justice without mercy

Not that Justice Coyne looked at it in that light. He is employed to stamp out crime in the district, and there was going to be no exception in the case of Mary Ellen.

He was strengthened in his intent by the fact that the representative of the Church did not attempt to intervene with any mealy-mouthed appeals to sentiment.

Mary Ellen was given six months' hard labour in Sligo jail.

After all, what is the value of a human soul when the material property of the ministers of God's everlasting mercy are at stake?

It is recorded by the court reporter that throughout the proceedings Mary Ellen asked no questions of the witnesses, and that when addressed from the bench she merely smiled.

It was the angels that wept

A Good Work Quashed

Lonely Garrison's Grouse

MEN stationed at the loneliest station of the British Isles, Bere Island, situated in Bantry Bay off the Irish Coast, have been deprived of their Y.M.C.A. canteen.

The attitude of the authorities was that the hut was no longer needed because the "wet" canteen was said to be adequate for all the needs of the men, and that the site of the hut was needed for other purposes.

Whatever may have been the real reason, the Y.M.C.A. were forced to clear out last January.

We are not surprised that the troops described the Y.M.C.A. canteen as the one redeeming feature of this outlandish spot.

High-handed action

For the modest expenditure of 1s. 1d. they were able to procure a supper of two eggs and a rasher, bread and butter and tea, coffee or cocoa.

Moreover, they could enjoy the daily and weekly papers by a comfortable fire.

Surely in a matter affecting their personal welfare, while off parade, the troops themselves should have been consulted before the hut was condemned.

But no—the powers that be dictated differently.

Such items as the men's personal feelings in the matter were to them of minor importance and received scant consideration.

No less scandalous than the condemnation of the Y.M.C.A. hut was the manner in which the manageress, Mrs. Isabella Magee, was ordered to abandon the work which had been her livelihood for five-and-a-half years.

What we think

She is the wife of an army pensioner and the mother of an ex-soldier. With what mixed feelings she must have read an official message which said, in effect, "Thank you, but we don't need the help of the Y.M.C.A. here any more."

After that she had an even more formal communication, which not only informed her that the hut was declared out of bounds, but also that she would not be allowed to continue to travel to and from the mainland in any of the War Department's launches.

We think the authorities should have shown a little more consideration in this case.

A LYING SCOUNDREL

BLACK MAN'S BLUFF

Registrar's Scathing Comment

THE fact that many coloured men come to this country with the express intention of living by their wits is one which cannot be disregarded, and it is fully emphasised in the following astounding story of an Indian named Kundan Lal Loomba.

This gentleman came to England as a student in 1909, and then went back to India until 1917, when he returned to this country once more.

He first came into real prominence in the beginning of 1924, when he was the central figure of a sensational case at Bow Street, before Sir Chartres Biron.

Loomba was at that time established in offices at High Holborn as a "business consultant," and the charges which brought him before Sir Chartres Biron referred to a number of young girls whom he had molested when they called at his office in answer to an advertisement for a shorthand typist.

An audacious appeal

The magistrate declared that Loomba's conduct in this respect had been systematic, and added that it was "quite intolerable that English girls should be subjected to this kind of insult while endeavouring to earn an honest living."

The fact that the defendant was not charged with a more serious class of offence was due to the discretion shown by the girls.

Loomba was sentenced to six months with hard labour, yet had the audacity to appeal to the High Court. The appeal was dismissed, but the sentence was reduced to the second division.

No doubt encouraged by this leniency, Loomba, when he regained his liberty, resumed his activities as "business consultant" with zest.

One of his clients, a Mr. Waterton, parted with £2,000 for certain shares as the result of an impressive interview with Loomba, only to find that they were worthless.

Consistent lying

Realising that he had been tricked, Mr. Waterton commenced proceedings against Loomba, but when the case came up the "business consultant" was "not well" and judgment was given in default.

But it is one thing to obtain a judgment and quite another matter to obtain cash.

In the end Mr. Waterton was instrumental in filing a petition in bankruptcy against Loomba, whose statement of affairs was full of "don't remembers," and who lied consistently at his public examination in an endeavour to conceal his assets.

The other week Loomba crowned his career by impertinently applying for his discharge.

We are very pleased to say that he was scathingly denounced by Mr. Registrar Francke, who observed that he had received two letters from Loomba which contained most improper expressions.

In one of these audacious epistles Loomba had declared that the Official Receiver's report contained untrue statements, which he curtly demanded should be corrected. In the other Loomba wrote: "At my public examination you put such questions to me as only suited your purpose."

An out-and-out rogue

Loomba adopted the same contemptuous attitude before the Registrar, and he must have been not a little crushed to find that it availed him nothing.

"You have been before me several times," observed Mr. Registrar Francke, "and I never can believe a word you say. I think you are a lying scoundrel. I shall suspend your discharge until you pay 10s. in the pound, and I hope Mr. Waterton will get something out of you."

We hope so, too, but we have our doubts. Loomba has shown again and again that he is a thorough rogue, and we should like the Home Secretary to go over his career, and then consider whether such a despicable character should be allowed to remain in this country.

A PURPLE PAMPHLET

THE CAT'S CRADLE

Sanctimonious Sob Stuff

MRS. Z. C. MORGAN, managing directress and foundress of the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats and Dogs, has just issued her "Report for 1926."

It is a pamphlet printed in purple ink, and containing many moving appeals for financial assistance from members of the animal-loving public.

"The home is dreadfully poor," runs the message. "Please, please help!"

A long and imposing array of patrons is given, and the mention of so many well-known names must incline many people to believe that the appeal is a deserving one.

"Why should this charity be supported?" asks this purple pamphlet, and forthwith proceeds to supply fifteen reasons why.

A dolorous ditty

It is said to be one of the largest feline institutions in existence; it is entirely free to the poor; it sends long distances for homeless and unwanted cats and dogs; it spares neither time, trouble nor worry to please the public and endeavour to save suffering to helpless animals.

The fifteenth point is perhaps the most interesting. It runs: "Subscriptions and donations are earnestly and urgently needed and begged for. The more help the more work done. Very poor."

The pamphlet is interlarded with touching little snatches of verse. There is "The Little Angel Dog," a maudlin ditty about a little dog who wouldn't play with other angel dogs because he was waiting for his master to join him in "the Courts of Heaven."

An aristocratic cat

One verse will suffice to show how pathetic this remarkable poem is:

"And his master, far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes—and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears
And dreams that his master's voice he hears."

Another refers to a stray cat as "an aristocrat in her way," and runs: "Once she was the pet of the home; that home is gone. Broken by war—scattered afar—who now heeds her moan?"

This sort of thing would be all very well in some circumstances, but the animal-loving public should understand quite clearly that these appeals are being made by Mrs. Z. C. Morgan, whose concern has been on the black list of the Charity Organisation Society for years.

Yet such is her plausibility that she has been able to build up a very remunerative business.

A large section of the public has apparently listened favourably to Mrs. Morgan's appeals for upwards of thirty years.

It is true that she runs an institution at 34-42, Ferdinand Street, London, N.W.; but it is run on very profitable lines. All the cats collected for "painless destruction" pay toll with their skins, which are sold to the fur trade.

Mrs. Morgan, alias Williams, gets it all ways. A fee is charged for collection in the first place, varying according to the circumstances of the owner, and money is received by way of "donations" from animal-lovers all over the country.

Appeals to shun

The pamphlet just sent out records the fact that the balance-sheet for 1925 is "now ready." One would have thought that if the institution was all it was claimed to be a copy of this important document would have been attached in support of the appeal.

But no. Mrs. Morgan's balance-sheets are not available unless specially demanded, and then the recipient has first to qualify for the privilege by subscribing "5s., in one sum, and upwards."

We would earnestly advise the public to ignore her mawkish appeals.

The Worker's Reward!

L.C.C. EMPLOYEE CAST OFF

Very Shabby Treatment

AT the age of sixty-one, Mr. Frank Woods, a Kentish reader, finds himself without work or prospects, and with painfully limited means. Yet he has served the L.C.C. faithfully for fourteen years.

If the facts we have just given constituted the whole story, it would be scandalous enough, but there are certain other aspects which show beyond all possible doubt that Woods has been very shabbily treated indeed.

Woods was employed at the Southern Outfall Works, Crossness, Abbey Wood, S.E., but when he joined the department he did so in a temporary capacity.

Nevertheless, Woods proved himself a useful and efficient worker, and held his post without any question as to his services being dispensed with until after he had been in the employment of the L.C.C. for nine years.

The first hitch

The staff was then being reduced all round and "temporary" workers were quite naturally the first to go. But in view of the fact that Woods was considered a good workman it was decided that he should be taken on to the permanent staff.

This move required the formality of passing a medical examination, and here the first hitch arose. Woods was classed as unfit for the work on the grounds that he was suffering from an enlarged heart and defective vision.

This precluded his being taken on to the permanent staff; but he was not dismissed. He was kept on for a further period of three years, when it was decided he should submit himself for re-examination.

It is not surprising that he was again turned down by Sir J. Colley as unfit for the work, but he was still kept on.

A cruel dismissal

He worked at his old job for eighteen months after the second medical examination and then, to his consternation, was discharged.

There can be no doubt that Woods was quite fit when he originally took up his post at Crossness; but he was not asked to submit to medical examination until after he had completed nine years' service.

As six of those years had been spent underground with constant exposure to sewer gas it is more than likely that his heart and sight were affected by his work.

This being so, why was he kept on for five years after he had twice been classed as unfit for the work?

One would have thought that the officials at Crossness could have found some lighter post for Woods after his long and faithful service; as it is they have dismissed him without a pension, and with no compensation for his impaired health.

AFTER the floods of pernicious parrot-talk from Press and platform on the "dole" and the unfortunate folk who have to exist on it, it is good to read such forthright stuff as this. There is no humbug here. Every word is living, biting truth

The Poisoner of Manhood

By the REV. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. (*"Woodbine Willie"*)

THE devil has been busy with the "dole" from the start, and he is not finished yet by a long way. He invented the name to begin with. It is a thoroughly bad name and ought never to have been used.

It covers a whole multitude of lies, some of them damnably cruel lies. It sounds like something for nothing, and that is the hall-mark of lies. There is no such thing as something for nothing in this world unless you are a thief, and then it doesn't last.

"He who takes what isn't his'n when he's copped will go to prison," or to hell if he's too clever for this world, and we have it on good authority that he will not get out until he has paid the uttermost farthing.

The "dole" isn't something for nothing. A man who can get it without the proper number of stamps on his card has missed his vocation.

He must be a perfect genius as a liar. Fortunately genius in that line is as rare as genius in any other.

It may be true that all men are liars, but very few men are really good ones, and it is safe to say that no working man is a good liar, otherwise he wouldn't work. The number of men who get the "dole" dishonestly is almost nil and certainly negligible. When a man is eligible for the "dole" he has paid something for it, and, in proportion to the wage he gets, has paid quite substantially in hard cash down on the nail.

Misleading official figures

It is a popular idea that the official figures represent the full number of the unemployed, and that all unemployed men and women automatically draw the "dole," but any one who starts with that idea will bump up against regulations harder than a brick wall before he has gone very far.

To get the full figures you would have to add all those that are "on the guardians" and those who are betwixt and between, hung up for the time between the "dole" and the deep blue sea. When unemployment figures fall and the daily Press sings hymns of praise, a lot of poor devils are singing on the other side of their mouths.

Statistics of unemployment, like all other statistics, want a lot of watching. They are the best index of the evil we have got, but they are not an accurate index by any means.

This something-for-nothing lie has come back like a boomerang on those who invented it, and has helped to foster the idea that what the State pays nobody pays, as though the State had a banking account in heaven with an unlimited overdraft.

Of course, the sober responsible majority of workers are under no such delusion, but the repeated suggestion has had its effect, and a very bad one, on the less thoughtful minority, especially the young and inexperienced.

A terrible blow

The cost of the "dole," however, is not to be reckoned entirely in pence or even in pounds. Go and talk with some of those who day by day line up in that much-cursed queue, and after you have analysed one or two human specimens you will be in a better position to count the cost.

Here is one, an oldish chap, with hair already going grey. He worked at one place all his life, and before the war never dreamed that he would be out of work for more than a week or so, or that he would have to work in any other place. He had formed his regular habits, and the routine had become part of himself. He was respected by his mates and known as a steady, sober man.

Then the blow fell, and he got the "sack." To him it was as though the heavens had fallen. He didn't know himself for a while. He felt lost. He woke at the proper time in the morning, and had to think twice before he remembered that he was getting up, not to go to work, but to look for it. In time he is tempted not to get up at all. What is the use of getting up when there is nothing to do?

Game for the snarer

He lies awake and worries. They are not bad worries at first; there is hope in him still. He will get a job in a day or two. But the days and the weeks pass into months, and he is not the man he was. We are creatures of habit, all men are, and breaking up our habits means breaking up our lives.

He does not feel as well as usual and goes to the doctor for a bottle of medicine to cure his worry about the rent. He takes the medicine, but it does not pay the rent. He had some savings—not much, but something—and they are dwindling in the effort to keep himself respectable.

The daily search for work becomes a mechanical, hopeless routine, and he dreads going home. There is not much room at home, there is not much room in most homes nowadays, and his wife's temper is not what it was. It is not natural for a man to be hanging round all day. He is not in his proper place, and feels he isn't.

Men and women are liable to get on one another's nerves at the best of times, but when a man is always about it is ten times worse. "Me and the missus never 'ad a cross word until this lot began," I've had them say to me many a time.

It does not sound much, and is often said with a grin, but it means a lot. A happy home is as near to heaven as we can get on earth, and an unhappy one as near to hell.

Old Bill goes out to make room and hangs around. The bookie is waiting round the corner to pick up what he can get. There is a chance of getting a bit extra, and being human, he takes it. It's something to do, and something to look forward to. All his life is a gamble now; he has grown accustomed to taking pot-luck.

An ensnaring habit

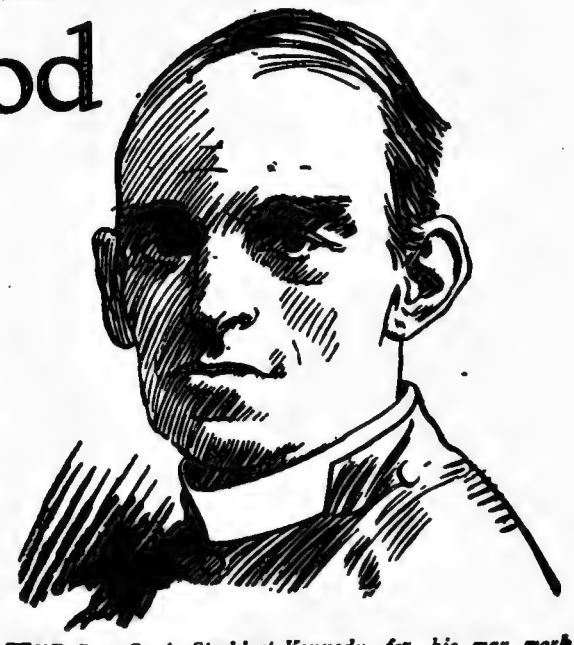
The righteous who need no repentance and have a comfortable income are shocked to see the man with his hands in his pockets rushing to buy the racing specials, but a little insight into human nature would enable them to understand.

The more you break up a man's regular habits the more likely he is to gamble, and when you add the fact that a winner may mean a comfortable week, why you've got it. There is a lot of State money lining bookmakers' pockets.

It may be a mug's game, but being out of work makes a man feel that life is a mug's game anyhow, and having a flutter won't make it any worse.

It is bad for old Bill, there is no getting round that. It is bad for old Bill, and it is worse for young Bill. He hasn't formed any habits; he is just at the age to form them, and loafing is an easy habit to acquire, and a beastly hard one to get rid of.

The cost of the "dole" in young life would be difficult to calculate, but I guess it is a good long bill, and we shall have to pay it in pretty stiff instalments.



THE Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, for his war work, earned the nickname of "Woodbine Willie." But he is no "gasper"

All that, and more, the devil has done with the "dole," and yet there is the other side. People who talk about abolishing it are talking nonsense. Many of the comfortable ones talk as if it were a kind of anti-revolution insurance policy, with very high premiums, and there is truth in that; but there is another way of looking at it.

It is true that we would have had a nasty mess—that is what a revolution means—if there had been no "dole," but we would have had the mess because millions of men were living in unbearable misery.

That is the root cause of all violent revolutions, and if the "dole" has saved us from the mess it is because it has saved us from the misery or the worst of it. So the devil has not had all his own way.

Any one who worked in the bad old days before unemployment insurance began would be driven to desperation by the idea of abolishing it. I can remember scenes in my boyhood that give me the shivers to recall.

Old Bill's life is not a bed of roses now, but it was a bank of poisoned stinging nettles in days gone by. In spite of all the devil has done with the "dole," there are many who have thanked God for it, and I am one.

I do not believe that want is the only whip that will make men work, or that the world must go to pieces because you remove its bitter sting. We can, and must, rise higher than that.

Unemployment insurance is a step in the right direction and in time we shall be able, given industrial and international peace, to extend and perfect it, and our people will learn to reap its advantages and bear its responsibilities.

The devil scotched

The devil will do his damnedest in the meantime, but you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs.

Occasional periods of unemployment, adequately covered by insurance, need not in the future be a curse, and ought to become a blessing. The day should come when we can really afford them, and enjoy them, having learned the proper use of leisure time.

Satan need not always find some mischief for our idle hands to do. He does now. He is for ever busy teaching slackness and despair, but the trouble is in the devil and not the "dole," and with patience we shall scotch the devil yet.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MacDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—The resolve of your Party to offer "strenuous opposition" to the Government's declaration of policy in regard to the mining crisis cuts no ice. Granted Mr. Baldwin's proposals are inadequate, why don't you give us a lead in what ought to be done? The mining industry is every day sinking deeper into the morass. The first man who is able to point a clear, short way out will have the country at his back. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—The opening of a solarium, where the poor may benefit by real and artificial sunlight treatment, in Bermondsey is a testimony to the people of that borough. It is also a rebuke to the Ministry of Health. It is scandalous that in view of the proved value of ultra-violet rays in the prevention of tuberculosis the Government will give no grant towards such treatment. When money is asked for experiments in destructive agencies there is a very different tale. JOHN BULL.

To Captain W. WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P., D.S.O., Parliament Street, S.W.

DEAR CAPTAIN BENN,—In a striking challenge to the Minister for War you point out that no fewer than 2,131 gas-poisoning experiments on animals have taken place in this country in the past three years. And this in spite of the international Conventions of 1922 and 1925 forbidding gas warfare. An explanation is needed.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. R. ALDRIDGE, Ex-Sec., Nat. Housing and Town Planning Council.

DEAR SIR,—Your appalling calculation that there are a million inhabited houses in England and Wales totally unfit for human occupation ought to shock the conscience of the community. Housing neglect, with its consequences in the shape of disease and degradation, is a foul crime against the coming generation. JOHN BULL.

To General Sir GEORGE HIGGINSON, G.C.B., Marlow, Bucks.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—You have scored a century, and are still not out, and none would deny that it has ever been your custom to tackle life's bowling like an officer and a gentleman. Your neighbours have expended £8,000 on the purchase of the Court Garden Estate, which will be thrown open to the public, and is to be known as Higginson Park; though nothing of the kind is ever likely to be required to keep posterity in mind of so gallant a soldier as yourself. Here's health to Britain's youngest old man! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. SILAS K. HOCKING, Avenue Road, Highgate, N.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to join in the congratulations showered upon you on the occasion of your golden wedding. None but a contented mind could have conceived works of such placid sweetness as those which for years have flowed from your pen, not a word of which affords evidence of the muck-rake you so rightly condemn. Your recipe for a happy marriage is an early one. The pity of it is that in so many cases social conditions do not allow of this, and the State, as well as the individual, is a heavy loser. My respects to your worthy wife!
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. HOLT-THOMAS, 24, Portland Place, W.

DEAR SIR,—You pay a well-deserved tribute to British workmen whom you regard as "second to none in the world." Nevertheless, your view that he is not getting half as much as he could earn, nor in many industries enough to enable him to look forward to a healthy and happy old age, demands examination. Trade unions, masters and men alike, get into ruts. In your pamphlet, "The Future of British Industry and Trades Unionism," you have at least thrown down to them a challenging gauntlet. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HALFORD MACKINDER, Chairman, Imperial Economic Committee.

DEAR SIR,—You point out that the prices at which imported fruit is sold in the shops of Great Britain is ludicrously greater than it would be if we had efficient distribution. That consumers pay twice the wholesale price at the point of primary sale is a scandalous exposure of our methods. Unless better counsels prevail there will never be enough fruit eaten in this country. The health of the people, especially the children, suffers in consequence. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. J. H. NIXON, Chippenham, Wilts.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with you that your town is in a very serious condition as regards the arrangements for maternity cases. There is not one resident midwife, nor a single maternity nurse, to say nothing of a maternity home, in the whole of the borough of Chippenham. In view of the terrible risks attending women in childbed it is to be hoped that your fellow-townsfolk, especially the well-to-do, will respond liberally to your call. Chippenham must come in line with modern requirements without delay. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—May I draw your attention to the enquiry into the mind of youth recently conducted by the Y.M.C.A.? All over the world boys have been asked, "Are you happy in your employment?" Amid the universal "Yes" sounds one pathetic "No." It comes from the pit boys. When the mines are once again in full working order this fact must not be disregarded. It is youth's own cry for the future. Work, even in the coal industry, must be done under conditions that are bearable.
JOHN BULL.

To Police-Constable HILL, Ilford.

DEAR SIR,—There is more than a hint of truth in the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves." While others bemoan their lack of housing you set to work and build a little house for yourself. With the aid of your wife, son, daughter and son-in-law, the place is up and ready for occupation. We've need of a few pioneering families such as yours to set us the pace here in the old country. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. B. WILSON, Richmond Horse Show.

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations upon your win of the Costers' Marathon. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and your little moke "Lucy" well repays the care bestowed upon her. London is all the brighter for coster carts and well-cared-for animals. Good luck to you and the rest of your fellow-traders! JOHN BULL.

A WEAK PALLIATIVE

Dr. Baldwin: "This will put you right."
The Victim (doubtfully): "What do they have to do to me before you give me brandy?"

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD HEWART:—"Education is a great discriminator, sifting the wheat from the chaff."

That should encourage the Government to spend a bit more on the threshing-machine.

COLONEL J. S. WEDGEWOOD, M.P.:—"Fear of the police is the beginning of slavery."

So far as the police stand as representatives of law and order, fear, otherwise respect, is necessary.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND:—"Masters and men could compose their own differences if left to themselves."

The man with the whip always wants to be left to compose his differences with those under him.

THE HOME SECRETARY:—"It is ridiculous to suppose that in the twentieth century we can get our traffic along on roads suited to one hundred years ago."

Exactly. Then why not make more new roads and settle the unemployment problem at one and the same time?

Without Fear or Favour —*by The Editor*

A SAIL ! A SAIL !!

Moral Security

WE are afraid that Lord Cecil is something of a piebald optimist. He was able to express the hopeful opinion the other day that the League of Nations Geneva meeting had put into operation a real machine for disarmament.

At the same time he added that the greatness of the results would depend more than anything else on the "moral security" of the world, and that Russia was now the greatest obstacle to that "moral security."

His uneasiness is ill-founded. Neither Russia, nor any other country, nor principalities, nor powers, or any other creature, can of themselves stop the disarmament machine at Geneva from working. That can only be done by the united voice of the peoples of the world.

And that voice has already spoken, and is speaking, in no uncertain tones. The people stand for disarmament and the abolition of the horrors of war.

Time was when the "fight for existence" was no mere figure of speech.

Justice, in those dim far-off days, was not born. The prize, of necessity, went to the strongest. It was mere chance if the strongest happened also to be in the right.

To-day, with man's intellect outdistancing his animal passions, for the first time he is realising the futility of the game of war itself. War is a devil with hatred and destruction in its very bowels.

And man has determined to rid himself for ever of this impossible and ever-growing monster. The word has gone forth. The human race is standing at the dawning of a new age, when reason shall outwin brute force. There lies "moral security."

Colleges of Crime

THE other day a convicted man, pleading for leniency at the London Sessions, made the following remarkable statement: "Prisons are colleges of crime where a man seldom fails to take his degree."

The epigram was demonstrably and damnably true.

A man going to prison for the first time finds himself cut off at a blow from ordinary civilised society, admitted to a fraternity of the underworld, in which criminal enterprise and moral decadence are the normal standards of thought, speech and behaviour.

Much is heard of the folly and cruelty of sending young people to prison for a first offence. Not nearly enough attention has been given to the no less important problem of sheltering the man or woman who goes to jail for the first time from its corrupting influences.

The remedy lies in the careful segregation of prisoners, so that those who have taken the first step only on the downward path shall be kept from contact with others to whom crime has become habitual.

The question is one for serious thought and definite action.

The Speck on the Horizon

WE refuse to succumb to the pessimism that has gripped so many of our leaders. The Cabinet may be paralysed, but better men are busy and there is new hope born for Britain. Prosperity is near at hand

ONE word of hope and wisdom has made itself heard above the ineffectual clamour of these last hysterical weeks. While men's leaders and masters' spokesmen have howled their obduracy to the moon, and the red-herring Press has deafened the discussion with a clatter of red roubles, a few sane men have got down to it.

They have founded what they call the Industrial Institute, "an association of men of affairs with men of science," so constituted as not likely to be diverted "from its disinterested purpose by any sectional interest, however powerful."

That "disinterested purpose" is of profound moment. It is the pooling of brains in industry, science, commerce and the co-related arts with a view to overcoming the problems not so much of industry as of the industrial age.

"Chief among these problems are the finding means of security for every worker, a basis for greater regularity of trade, the raising of the standard of living," not forgetting the finer amenities of leisure that a few millions of us have almost forgotten to dream about.

The men in the Industrial Institute stand for the best that is in both camps.

On the Labour side are names like Mr. Arthur Pugh, Mr. C. T. Cramp and Mr. Philip Snowden; of the others, Mr. Percy Best, the industrialist, Sir Robert Horne and Sir Max Muspratt, President of the Federation of British Industries, are representative.

THERE is the germ of something big in this movement. Whether in itself it will move, by so much as an inch, the weight of inertia that burdens modern industry is of little account.

It may fail as a body, but the wide endeavour for which it stands will persist. It must persist.

Either that or catastrophe. If we don't pool brains, we will pull down Britain. If we don't raise the people, we will raze everything else.

There is nothing impracticable about this effort to bring intelligence to bear on the affairs of the nation. Prosperity is waiting for us when we care to grasp it, and, with prosperity, enough and to spare for every soul among us. The land alone can absorb as many workers as are on the registers of the employment exchanges.

The reorganisation of transport on the railways and canals can send our manufactures bounding forward in a new activity. Electric power can be cheapened enormously. Science can pull the mines out of the pit.

WE require no more than the intelligence to see and the will to do, and both intelligence and will are here. The new movement is only one indication of a mighty current of public opinion towards a new industrial and social revolution.

That is its real significance. Men of all Parties and of none are in it. You hear the same thing said in the railway carriage and the workshop, in the inn parlour and the Pall Mall club—everywhere but in that cobwebbed and barnacled derelict called Parliament.

Apart from the antagonism of narrow-minded partisans to the mere idea of reform, the great barrier to the new world which we believe to be at hand is the vested interests. The canals are stagnant because the railways fear their competition.

A just revision of the land laws, without which agriculture can never be made the solid foundation of the national edifice that it ought to be, meets with the insensate antagonism of those who own the soil.

The provision of decent homes for the people, the first step towards any real contentment, is baulked by the same force, this time in unholy confederacy with the slum landlords.

Great are the forces of reaction, but greater still is public opinion and the will of the people. We can be of good spirit, for the people are winning. Industrialists at last have begun to see that there can be no enduring prosperity without happy and contented workers.

SIR Max Muspratt, Bt., who is probably our foremost scientific industrialist, is President of the Federation of British Industries. With his wide knowledge of industrial chemistry, Sir Max can render valuable service to the recently formed Industrial Institute of which he is vice-president

Fooling with Food

WE have not yet fully emerged from one of the gravest crises in the country's history. On the surface the trouble is purely industrial, but there are strong contributory factors outside the question of wages and working conditions.

Chief of these is the high cost of living. There is no doubt that the dear breakfast-table and the expensive Sunday joint are fruitful causes of the discontent finding expression in industrial strife.

The cost of food is slowly but steadily on the increase. The Ministry of Labour figures show practically the whole range of staple foodstuffs to be dearer than they were two years ago.

Beef, not imported, has risen a penny in the pound, streaky bacon which was 1s. 3½d. in 1924 is now 1s. 8d., flour has jumped from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. for 7 lb., being duly reflected in the increase of 1½d. on the 4-lb. loaf.

Butter, cheese and margarine have all risen about a penny the pound, and only milk and eggs have remained where they were.

Now the cost of living in 1924 was considered by everybody to be far too high, with the result that the Government, in one of those characteristic gestures which seem to be the real art of governing, appointed a Food Council to the accompaniment of much trumpet-blowing.

The Food Council has met on various occasions, and heard evidence which left us in little doubt that there is far too big a margin between wholesale and retail food prices.

But beyond recommending drastic action in the matter of short weight, the council has shown no indication that it is alive to the needs of the situation.

We advise the Government to get busy. The problem must not be shirked.

An Infamous Tragedy

by A. G. GARDINER

INDUSTRY is being smashed between the hammer and the anvil. As the coal dispute drags on, bankruptcies are increasing by leaps and bounds, and the ranks of the unemployed are swelling. A.G.G. points the way out

Sir Herbert Samuel, Chairman of the Coal Commission

WE are like demented foes, wrestling in the flood that is sweeping us all to Niagara. We need not pause to consider which of the principals in this catastrophe is the greater fool of the two.

It is the helpless figure on the bank of the torrent with whom the nation has to deal now. There has been no such spectacle of utter impotence in the presence of a great emergency as that which Mr. Baldwin presents to the world.

Nearly a year ago he bought off the threat of a coal strike by a vast subsidy to the industry. It was a mad expedient, justifiable only on one ground, that it gave time to find a solution.

And in order to evolve this solution he set up a Commission which worked night and day, and before the fatal hour struck at the beginning of May produced a scheme for the reorganisation of the industry, which by common consent was just, wise and efficient.

The plain issue

It hit both sides to the conflict. It called upon both to be reasonable and to make present sacrifices in order to redeem the industry. Both rejected it. Both went on pattering their insane formulas, and sat down to starve out each other and bleed the country white in the process.

What was Mr. Baldwin's plain duty in such circumstances? It was to pass with the authority of the State over the heads of the crazy combatants. It was to assert the right of this nation to live, and to impose its will to live on any squabbling industry that threatened its life.

He had his marching orders. He had the scheme drawn up by the Commission, appointed by himself for the specific purpose of providing him with the power of imposing peace.

Eight weeks have passed, eight ruinous, devastating weeks, and he has done nothing to carry out his own policy. He stands on the bank wringing his hands, uttering pious words, the picture of impotent futility.

A pathetic surrender

It is plain to the dullest intelligence that if he had acted swiftly, firmly, if he had kept his bond, the strike by this time would have been over, the men would have been at work and the nation would have been on the way to recover from this staggering blow.

It is true that the men kicked against interference with the wages; but that attitude would not have lasted a week in the face of the adoption of that bold reconstruction policy which the scheme outlined and which the better mind of the miner enthusiastically endorsed.

Why, then, has Mr. Baldwin thrown up the sponge? Why has he broken faith with his own Commission, with the country and with himself? There is only one answer to that question. He has surrendered to the mine-owners and his own die-hards.

I am not defending the miners. They have been stupidly and ignorantly led. Their share in the national ruin that has been brought upon all of us is great.

But I don't think it can be denied that the chief criminals in this infamous tragedy are the mine-owners, and the Government that has yielded to the mine-owners.

And I am sure the nation is increasingly of that opinion. If a vote were taken on the subject there would be an almost universal demand that Mr. Baldwin should put into operation at once the scheme which the Samuel Commission, at his own request and after stupendous labour, evolved.

Evils from without and within!

They would make that demand, not merely in order to bring this miserable struggle to an end, but in order to reorganise the coal industry in such a way that permanent peace may be secured.

It will not be secured by starving out the miners. That will bring surrender, but not settlement. It will leave us with a bitter, resentful mining community, waiting for an opportunity to burst into flames.

No settlement is worth twopence that does not carry conviction to the miner that his own share of the sacrifice, whether in wages or hours, is conditioned by a scheme which will make that sacrifice productive in the future.

No one any longer doubts that many things are gravely wrong in the coal industry. Much of it is obsolete, much of it is costly, wasteful, unorganised and uneconomic. It is suffering from a multitude of defects.

They are not all due to the mine-owners. For example, it is notorious that the hostility of the men in some districts to the double shift—which is the key to the prosperity of the South Yorkshire fields—is one of the principal causes of the present breakdown of the industry.

It is equally true that that breakdown is partly attributable to causes outside industry—the competition of oil, the high railway rates, and so on.

For instance, take the case of Silesian coal which is competing so seriously with us now. It is carried by rail 500 miles from Silesia and delivered f.o.b. at the port of Dantzic at a less charge for transit than is made for the carriage of Doncaster coal a score or so miles to Hull.

This illustrates another of the forms of competition from which our coal industry is suffering, and it certainly shows the peril of considering our industries in water-tight compartments. They are infinitely interlocked.

Put up the railway rates to help the railways and you kill the export of coal; put up the cost of coal and you kill the iron and steel trade. And so on.

But, after making all allowances for external causes, there remains the fact that much of the evil in the coal trade is internal and remediable, and it is with these things that the Samuel Commission deals.

What the country demands

It opens up great possibilities for economy in working, the humanising of the conditions of labour, profit-sharing, the establishment of a National Fuel and Power Council, committees on railway wagons and housing, family allowances, the nationalisation of royalties, the municipal distribution of coal, and a multitude of other reforms which all informed opinion agrees to be necessary.

This would collectively mean a profound reconstruction of the industry, and finally would achieve the most important of all ends, the dissipation of the suspicion and discontent of the mining community.

This scheme Mr. Baldwin asked for. This scheme the country demands. Every day he withholds it is a day added to the strike and another nail in the coffin of British industry.

The Insane

We have at home land capable of supplying the nation's food, and yet let it lie idle whilst depending on foreign countries

NO one whose life work has brought him into close association with the land, and with those who work on or for it, cannot fail to regard the present outlook with deep concern.

The Earl Beauchamp, K.G., K.C.M.G.

In the past five years, for reasons that lie apparently beyond the control of well-meaning people of every political Party, agriculture has slipped deeper and deeper into the Slough of Despond, and the further it goes the harder must be the labour required to bring it back.

Various panaceas have been put forward but, unfortunately, the satisfactory formula is still to seek, and when you go among farmers, and ask them what they are doing, by far the greater number will tell you that they are afraid of their present commitments; in some degree, large or small, they are reducing the area of their tillage. They would prefer to grow corn, but will not grow it at a loss.

Indeed, they can see no present security save in the milk can, and, consequently, they are relying upon a dairy herd to pay their weekly bills.

THE trouble is that even the limited prosperity of the dairy farmer cannot be relied on. As milk supplies increase, absorption point must be reached, and then prices will go down.

Butter and cheese making and the fullest use of residue will help to postpone the evil day, but it must come.

Now the plight of farming is not a matter that the man living in a town can afford to disregard. It is quite easy, if he does not think about the matter, to say that the farmers' troubles have nothing to do with him, but this is a singularly short-sighted view.

We have to pay for our imports with our exports, and everybody knows that the great machinery of our national industries has been working very badly since the war came to an end.

Side by side with the difficulties born of bad trade and high taxes, we have to find an ever-

The Web of the Red Spider

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE Red Peril is a reality! But the screaming of the scare Press won't scotch the menace. This article shows how Communism can be ground to powder in the wheels of British industry

I HAVE never lost any sleep over the tales of the Communist menace to this country. I have never in the past believed that Bolshevism had any hope of getting a footing in Great Britain, and I am still entirely unimpressed by the bogeys that rouse the *Morning Post* to foaming fury and scare old women into fits.

In the course of a searching investigation, however, into what is actually going on so far as the Communists are concerned, I have come across enough evidence to convince me that, although the menace is not at all what the *Morning Post* thinks it is, there is a very real menace that may, unless it is checked very firmly, bring this country face to face with a very unpleasant situation.

There is all the difference in the world between the Communist Party of Great Britain and what is known as the Communist Internationale. In every country in the world there exists a group of Communists dancing to the tune played by Moscow.

The British Communist Party is a pawn in the game as the Communist Party of every other country is a pawn.

They move hither and thither, urged on by the will of their Russian masters. In many cases they fondly imagine that the moves are of their own making. It not infrequently suits Moscow to let them believe it.

Labour's big opportunity

The Conservative Party and the *Morning Post* go pale at the mere whisper of the word "Bolshevism." If they knew what it was that they were fighting their fear and their desperate counter-attacks would be understandable.

I doubt very much whether they have the least idea of how Moscow works, or what is the ultimate aim of those whose puppets dance whenever they pull the strings.

I am convinced that one of the most beautiful fairy tales ever elaborated is the idea that any British trade unionist or any British member of Parliament is in the direct pay of Moscow.

Such clumsy methods, capable of exposure at the slightest slip, do not appeal to the subtle brains that are attempting to spin their web over the world.

Every time an avowed Communist secures an executive position in the trade union world Moscow has achieved a victory, for a Communist, wherever he may be or whatever position he may hold, will work unceasingly for the creation of industrial unrest, industrial irritation and the ultimate downfall of the present economic system.

He may do it openly, or he may do it covertly, but he will do it, and the Labour Party is making the mistake of its life in not excommunicating out of hand every man who is known to be an avowed Communist.

The real red menace

It is not only stultifying its own efforts; it is in a very real sense of the word cutting its own throat and sowing the seeds of disruption in its own constitution.

What the Government and the terrified opponents of Bolshevism fail to realise is that *the sole aim and object of Moscow is to create and maintain a condition of industrial unrest. Its sole aim and object is to create and maintain throughout the world a state of nervousness resulting from a constant succession of irritations.*

It is not the Red Army that is the menace. It is not Bolshevism in any concrete shape or form that needs to be watched for and guarded against.

The danger is in the steady creation of an atmosphere in the factory and the workshop that alone allows Bolshevism to seize the reins of power.

There is one thing about the Communists which I wholeheartedly admire, and that is that they make no bones whatever about stating their actual ultimate aim.

I have before me the fortnightly sheet issued by the St. Margaret's Communist Group, a paper which, with many others like it, is circulated

Tomsky, President of the All-Union Council of Trade Unions, and a member of the Soviet Government

round the factories, in the mines, in the railway shops and throughout the mills.

Every man, it says, must be made to understand that "personal sacrifice is imperative to achieve our aim—the overthrow of the capitalist system and the establishment of a workers' republic." Nothing could be plainer than that.

Now I believe most firmly that if it were a case of converting the British working man to the idea of revolution, the Communists might as well try to make ice-cream in hell for all the chance of success they will have.

But to scream against Bolshevism, to refuse to trade with Russia, to hedge the country round with armies, navies and aeroplanes is not the way to combat the menace.

Checking the evil

Every revolution in history has sprung from hunger, and hunger has come from the breakdown of industry. The way to check the industrial unrest that is being steadily and persistently fomented by Britain's Communist agents—many of them unconscious agents—is for the Government to bend every effort towards removing the conditions that cause industrial unrest.

Reorganisation of industry, adequate housing, good wages, decent working conditions and the creation of a sense of responsibility and partnership in the mind of the working man will do more to checkmate Moscow than a thousand armies or a battalion of diplomats.

Labour leaders are fond of the parrot cry, "Workers of the world, unite!" If the workers of the world ever do unite the first thing that will happen will be that there will be a lot of jobless labour leaders, for the rank and file of trade unionists have not yet awakened to the fact that their leaders maintain their jobs to no small extent by pitting class against class and trade against trade, just as much as do their supposed enemies, the employers.

Communism completely crushed

Unless drastic measures are taken, and taken soon, to put British industry on a sound basis, I am not at all sure that the bottom is not going to drop clean out of the industrial machine.

It is for that end that Moscow is avowedly working. To any set of politicians with an ounce of brains, to any Cabinet with an ounce of statesmanship, it should be the easiest thing in the world to render these hopes futile.

Communism cannot live in the midst of trade prosperity. The birth of one means the automatic death of the other. There is only one sure way of crushing Communism, and that is to grind it to powder in the wheels of British industry.

ane Sahara

by THE RT. HON. EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G., K.C.M.G.

growing amount of money to pay for the food we bring into England.

To-day the nation's food bill is just £1,000,000 a day, and the tendency is for it to increase rather than to diminish.

Before the war we could feed ourselves over the week-end, while for the inside of the week we relied upon our dominions and upon foreign countries; by 1918 we could live for perhaps five days out of seven on our home-grown food.

To-day it is extremely doubtful whether there is a full week-end ration in home production, and the tendency is for it to decrease.

LOOKING further afield, we see too that our carrying trade has suffered tremendously and the whole of our invisible exports have been reduced.

It is only while we do big business with food-exporting countries that we can afford to pay our bills, because as everybody knows we pay with manufactured goods for what we eat.

The agricultural depression and the consequent low rate of wages are driving men by tens of thousands from the countryside to the towns, where they help to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

Although the agricultural labourer in his own domain is a highly skilled worker, so soon as he gets to the urban centres he is no better than the casual labourer.

THE tragic part of the situation in these islands, as most of us see it to-day, is that there is enough work on the land to absorb the whole of our unemployed.

There is sufficient fertility in the soil to produce a full ration of food for this country on at least five days out of every seven.

It is even possible by the development of intensive cultivation, by the use of the latest modern machinery, and with the increased knowledge that is leading year by year to the production of improved varieties of wheat, barley and oats, that in a few years under really favourable circumstances, England would be able to maintain herself.

I do not hesitate to say that the matter of greatest moment before the country to-day, so soon as peace is restored to industry, is agricultural regeneration, to be brought about by common consent of all Parties in the State, since there is no Party that can exist without food or hope to receive food unless it can be paid for.

Enjoy a little luxury this week-end

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SWINDLING THE POOR

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE: Our Bold Move

An Offer to M.P.s

WE run no risk of being condemned of overstating a claim when we affirm that our exposure of the industrial assurance system has aroused more public interest than any campaign of its kind in the history of the British press.

A post-bag approaching a thousand letters a week from poor policy-holders is sufficient evidence of the awakened indignation of those who are the victims of this shameful ramp.

The wonder is that the outcry is not greater. We have examined the system from many angles. Always we have been brought back to the same inevitable conclusion—that industrial assurance, as operated by the great companies, is a wholesale swindle of the poor, an exploitation and robbery of the finest class in the community, the thrifty working people.

Extensive trickery

We have said that a considerable proportion of these enormous profits which the companies accumulate year after year is derived from the lapsing of policies on which premiums have been paid at great sacrifice for years, either with no return whatever to the policy-holder, or with the payment of some trifling sum which is miserably disproportionate to the amount extracted. And we have proved it.

We have alleged that trickery has been practised on an extensive scale to defraud poor ignorant folk out of that to which they are legally and absolutely entitled under death and endowment claims. We have also proved that.

As a measure of alleviation of the wrongs of those *illegally* robbed, we recently formed the JOHN BULL Industrial Assurance Bureau, under Mr. W. E. Mashford, for the purpose of recovering on behalf of the dupes of the companies all that it is possible for us to recover. We intend to continue this good work.

Criminal silence

But the greatest wrong still remains to be tackled—the *legal* robbery of the lapsed policy and of the insurance contract which, in nine cases out of ten, is heavily weighted on the side of the companies, and is altogether a wicked and unconscionable bargain.

The legal robbery can only be ended in one way, and that is by legislation. It is the duty of Parliament to see to it that this iniquity is ended.

In the past Parliament has done very much less than justice in this grievous business to the people it represents. It has been silent when it ought to have denounced, and inactive when the claims for drastic and revolutionary amendment of the existing insurance law were overwhelming.

This must not go on. We now demand the appointment of a Royal Commission which will examine the system from top to bottom, and which will insist that whatever recommendations it makes are acted upon without delay.

There is no doubt what the findings of such a commission would be.

For our part we intend to forward a copy of this issue of JOHN BULL to Mr. Baldwin and every member of Parliament, so that there may be no excuse for any one of them who pleads ignorance of the facts.

Above we have repeated the bald outline of our case against the industrial assurance companies.

Positive proof

Any member of the House of Commons who is unconvinced, and who wishes further evidence and proof, will have the opportunity of reading the whole series of articles which we have published.

Lord Parmoor, who presided over the Board of Trade Committee which issued "the most damning indictment ever issued by any Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry"

It is only charitable to presume that the inexplicable silence and inaction of our legislators on this burning scandal persists because of ignorance. We undertake to put facts before any sincere investigator that will make him an ardent crusader in our cause.

Not that the poor policy-holder is without friends, both in the Commons and the Lords. But these are faced by powerful forces and tremendous difficulties.

Consider what happened on the last effort to reform the system.

Committee's powerlessness

An avalanche of complaints, lodged in respect of unhonoured claims made during the war by the families of men in the services, forced the appointment in 1919 of a committee of enquiry under the Board of Trade, with Lord Parmoor as president.

The committee was, of course, impartial, but so limited was its scope that, from the outset, it was gagged and shackled.

It had no power, for example, to compel the companies to disclose any of the salient facts and figures relating to their unhallowed business. What evidence was given by the representatives was quite voluntary.

Not a single aggrieved policy-holder, out of many applications, was called to give evidence. In point of fact, out of a total of forty-two witnesses, thirty-eight were representatives either of the companies and societies or of associations connected with them.

Our friend, Mr. W. E. Mashford, of the Policyholders' Protection Association, was the only witness who could properly be said to speak on behalf of the millions of the victims.

Yet, in spite of the grave disabilities under which the committee laboured, in spite of the tremendous preponderance of evidence in favour of the companies, the report issued by Lord Parmoor and his colleagues was described in the Press as "the most damning indictment ever issued by any Parliamentary committee of enquiry."

Why companies were pleased

Instructions were issued for recommendations made by Lord Parmoor's Committee to be drafted in an Industrial Assurance Bill, which was ultimately introduced. It did not get very far.

The upshot was that a new measure was substituted which found favour in the eyes of the insurance princes.

And well might they be pleased with it. The Industrial Assurance Act (1923) not only failed to touch the fringe of the wrong, but actually left the wretched policy-holder in a worse position than before.

For example, it prevented claims being valid for the return of premiums obtained on illegal policies, a safeguard which had always existed under the old Acts.

This amounted to a "gift" of millions of pounds to the companies which otherwise they would have been compelled to disgorge, if and when the victims discovered the swindle.

We demand justice!

If proof had been required of how advantageous the new Act was to the companies, it would have been found in the Stock Exchange quotations for the year following that extraordinary piece of legislation.

Following the passing of the 1923 Act, industrial assurance shares went up by leaps and bounds. At the end of eight months the total value of the shares had increased by £8,000,000.

After three years of working, proofs are abundant that the new Act has made possible a more complete exploitation of the policy-holder than ever before. Our own recent investigations have disclosed a state of affairs which is amazing as it is cruel.

We tell Parliament that never in the history of this country has there been a swindle perpetrated in any way comparable to that of industrial assurance. In the name of justice we demand that they end it.

TRADE UNION SCANDAL

FURTHER AMAZING DISCLOSURES

Mr. Cotter Calls!

BRITISH seamen of all grades have been badly served by the Amalgamated Marine Workers Union, a concern to which we recently directed criticism of a serious character.

In the course of our remarks we made special reference to the responsibility of the general president of the union in the matter, and almost as soon as our article was in circulation, the latter gentleman got into touch with us to ask for an interview. We willingly acceded to his request.

Mr. Joseph Cotter, the gentleman in question, complained that our criticism was directed to him, although he was associated with other officials. Whilst agreeing that others may have their responsibilities, as president of the union it was his business to see that everything in amalgamation was carried out according to regulations.

Sharing the responsibility

Nevertheless, in view of his failure, in our opinion, to clear up certain very imperative points we have deemed it our duty to go further into the affairs of this union.

The criticisms we made against the conduct of the union in our previous article were chiefly concerned with two points—the fact that the Amalgamated Marine Workers Union was formed on an irregular ballot, and that its funds had been badly administered.

Taking the most serious charge first, Mr. Cotter declared that he signed the document on which the amalgamation was sanctioned, and which contained figures obtained by an irregular ballot, because it was placed before him by a trusted official who said that it was quite in order.

A strange admission

This is a curious admission, surely, for the head of a big union to make! A strangely casual procedure, too, for a man who is a C.B.E., who was at one time an official of the Trade Union Congress, and who has even been called upon to fulfil the high task of conferring with the League of Nations at Geneva on matters relating to the Merchant Service!

We could not believe that Mr. Cotter was doing himself justice, and we drew his attention to the evidence given by the official at the enquiry before Mr. Justice Tomlin.

This was to the effect that the form which he prepared and put before Cotter for signature showed a membership of 20,000 odd, but that

Joseph Cotter

Cotter rejected these figures and supplied others which were put on a new form upon his instructions.

Some striking figures

Mr. Cotter inferred that this statement was untrue, but we pointed out that the official made this allegation when he was upon oath in court, and that Cotter was not even present in court to give his assistance in unravelling the tangled state of affairs which occurred while he was in charge of the union's destinies.

Why did he not do so?

On the question of funds, Mr. Cotter objected to the statement that it cost £37,000 under his management to distribute £3,000.

The best answer to this objection is contained in the following figures, taken from the balance-sheet issued by the union for the year ending 1922.

Here are seven items given under expenditure: Unemployment pay, £18 11s. 8d.; dispute pay, £414 5s.; sick pay, £2,319 2s. 6d.; death benefits, £266 5s.; affiliation fees, £367 13s. 8d.; shipwreck compensation, £34 10s.; victimisation pay, £14.

These items total £3,434 odd, and it is interesting to compare them with the following little item, accounted for as "Salaries, etc., income tax and insurance, £27,139."

Amongst other sums which help to bring the expenditure up to a total of £41,999 odd we find such items as travelling expenses, £1,261 19s. 4½d.; printing, £1,818 19s. 1d.; office expenses, £1,244 12s. 4d.; loss on investments, £1,800.

The cause of dispute

Sandwiched among the expenses is a small item which is, nevertheless, of particular interest.

It refers to rates, taxes, telephone charges, etc., in respect of 82, Streathbourne Road, Balham, the property of the union—a house in which Cotter has lived for years rent free, in addition to drawing a salary and expenses.

The question of expenses was frequently the cause of quarrels between members of the executive council. We have before us a copy of the minutes of two meetings at which the revered leaders of this union seem to have done little but call one another names.

Such epithets as "damned liar," "rotter," "swine," and "worm" seem to have been freely exchanged.

These heated quarrels finally culminated in Cotter leaving the union. We have mentioned that he did not appear before Mr. Justice Tomlin when the union's affairs were being examined. Where was he?

Cemented friendship

He is now with the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, run by Mr. Havelock Wilson, the union which Cotter had denounced time after time in the past, and his bitter attacks brought forth a no less bitter retort from the opposing union.

But now he is reconciled, and is "Catering Organiser" of the N.S. and F.U.! What is to happen now? Is there to be no official enquiry?

What has the Registrar of Friendly Societies to say? If he was unable to discover the irregular ballot at the beginning, let him see to it now that something is done to investigate the scandal so that such a thing cannot happen again.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

"Have some mercy, Eustace Percy,
Spare, oh, spare that tree!
Do, dear brother, fell some other,
Or hear more from me."

"All the lot for you we got
And it's you should reap it,
But we find we're now inclined
(To be frank) to keep it."

Will this dream of a scheme
End the mining trouble?
Or will it bust when discussed
Like an empty bubble?

Francs will fall until the Gaul
(Like the British nation)
Will submit to "take the bit,"
And put on more taxation.

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IDEAL MILK

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

ONCE again "John Bull" has been instrumental in restoring a lost daughter to her mother. Mr. Philip Inman narrates how his appeal in our columns led to a happy reunion and brought joy again to a mother's heart

MARY CALLIGAN FOUND!

WHERE is Mary Calligan? My readers will recall that I asked that question in these pages some weeks ago. I told of the tragic pilgrimage of an Irish woman who came to London in response to an S.O.S. she had received from her daughter.

She arrived to find that this girl had vanished, leaving no trace of her whereabouts behind her.

That was not all. During her stay in London she lost by death the boy who had accompanied her on her journey. When he was laid to rest she searched eagerly and anxiously for her girl, but she had to return home desolate and alone.

Her words of farewell sounded the pulses of her broken heart. "Sure, it's been a terrible journey I've had. Death has robbed me of me only boy, and now me daughter's gone, too."

That is why I asked, "Where is Mary Calligan?" If by chance my words should reach her, I begged that she would return home to the mother who was waiting for her.

I reminded her that a mother's love is the most wonderful and precious gift in the world, and I urged her not to wait until it was too late.

A slender clue

In less than a fortnight there came a response to my appeal. One morning the postman carried a cheap and dirty envelope for which, as no stamp had been affixed, a surcharge of threepence had to be paid.

Enclosed on a piece of scrap paper was written in an illiterate hand, "Re JOHN BULL, 24th April. Mary Calligan is at No. —, Pennyfields. Better leave her alone.—WELL-WISHER."

That note awakened my curiosity, and I decided to ignore its advice to "leave her alone."

A friend of mine is an ex-detective of the police force and is now a private enquiry agent. I told him the story, and he agreed to accompany me on my mission of enquiry. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the day I had received that strange missive we set out together.

For the benefit of my readers who are unfamiliar with this particular part of London, I ought to explain that Pennyfields is in the heart of the East End, and is the centre of the Chinese colony.

It is a neighbourhood which abounds in foreign restaurants, opium-dens and dope-traffickers. It has other claims to notoriety into which I need not enter.

We had some difficulty in tracing the address given, and after searching high and low for over two hours we were inclined to regard ourselves as the victims of a stupid and unnecessary hoax.

The plea that went home

Just on the point of giving up our quest we encountered "a native of that part," to whom we related our mission.

"You help me—I help you," he said in pidgin-English. We soon came to terms and he told us to follow him down the road. "Better keep away from me," he told us. "They'll think it strange me being with you."

He led the way and we followed him into a restaurant. Down two flights of stairs we went, until we reached the sub-basement, which ostensibly served as the kitchen.

There our guide held a conversation with a tall, good-looking girl who was obviously English, and who looked completely out of place in such surroundings.

In a minute or two she broke off her conversation and came over to speak to me. "I don't know the girl you're after," she said in an educated and refined voice, "but I think you'll be well advised not to trouble about her.

"If she has been enticed to Chinatown she can always escape from it, and if she's come from choice she'll have no desire to leave it. You see," she went on with a smile, "our men are good to us, so we have no need to run away from them."

I told this girl of that broken-hearted Irish mother, and I pictured the sorrow of her lonely heart, in being robbed by death of her son, and in losing by design her daughter.

Into that girl's eyes came a look of unutterable sympathy. "I have no mother," she told me, "but if I had I don't think I should have come to this."

I saw that my appeal had not been in vain, and this English girl, who had become submerged in the whirlpools of Chinatown, was the means of turning our errand from failure to success.

She drew me to one side. "Go away from here as quickly as you can," she said. "He," pointing at our guide, "must never know—promise me."

Philip Inman

Readily I gave my word, and then she went on, "Meet me at the corner of Maroon Street, an hour from now, and I'll try and find news of the girl."

We did as we were bidden, and at ten o'clock that night we stood waiting by a wood-shed in this street of London's East End. That girl did not fail us. She did not bring news only—she brought Mary Calligan herself.

Space will not permit of my recounting what took place that night, but it matters not, for I have happier things to tell.

A grateful heart

When the postman came to my hospital to-day he carried another letter, but this time there was no surcharge to pay, for the stamp bore an Irish postmark.

The contents of that letter reveal the tender throbbings of a grateful woman's heart, and her words are too sacred to divulge. She will, I know, allow me to say just this, "Me daughter's come home. God be praised for His goodness."

The Sentence of the Court

WEALTH WITHOUT WORK

A Lesson for a Lord

CHARGED with absenting himself without leave from Lord Rodney's Canadian ranch, Lord Edward Montagu, son of the Duke of Manchester, said he didn't see that it was anybody's business but his own.

"If the young man's name were Smith," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I might agree that the offence is not of public concern, but the advantages he enjoys carry with them certain disadvantages from which the Joneses and Robinsons of this world do not suffer.

"'Noblesse oblige' is too often perverted by the wealthy parvenu to 'Snoblesse oblige,' but the older motto still commands respect and should command obedience.

"The accused was sent to Canada with orders to stay a year and learn all he could about farming, his parents holding the (nowadays) eccentric view that a landowner ought to know something about the land.

"Lord Edward, however, soon tired of being a farmer's boy-oi-oi, for he threw up his job and prepared to leave for England, announcing: 'I am fed up with working as an ordinary labourer.'

"Fortunately, the Duchess of Manchester heard of his intentions and ordered him back to the land. It is to be hoped that in time he will come to appreciate his mother's wisdom, for whereas one can become a duke by a fluke, one can only become a man by doing a man's work.

"At the Rodney ranch everybody works hard, including Lady Rodney, who cooks for the hands; so if this young man has to work like a plebeian labourer he is doing so in aristocratic company."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the problem as regards Edward was: "How can we keep him down on the farm now that he's seen Winnipeg?" The idea that a youth who was to become a landowner should work on the land was absurd. The Duke of Northumberland, for example, had never worked in a coal mine. A man should be able to collect rents or royalties without collecting corns on his aristocratic hands.

* * *

"Counsel for the defence," said Mr. Justice Bull, "did not improve his case by dragging in his 'Royalty' Highness and Mightiness, the Duke of Northumberland, for it would be difficult to think of a more striking instance in which great possessions have produced strange obsessions.

"Ducal spoil gained as a result of plebeian toil is always open to criticism but much more so when it is combined with a lamentable ignorance of the working conditions under which such wealth is produced.

"Doubtless life on a Canadian ranch is not all champagne and mahjong, but even a youth born with a silver spoon in his mouth must not expect a gold-mounted hoe to be placed in his hands.

"It is up to fortunate young men like the prisoner to do their bit toward dispelling the widespread impression that many people in the peerage would be in the steerage if they had to rely on their own efforts, and getting out of farm's way merely to avoid a certain amount of discomfort is not the best means of doing this.

"However, in view of the prisoner's youth, I think justice will be done if I allow him to enter into a bond to be of good behaviour for the term of his agricultural life."

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"Harlene-Hair-Drill" PROFIT-SHARING SCHEME

£10,000 in Beautiful Gifts to All Users

SEND NOW FOR FREE TRIAL OUTFIT AND FULL PARTICULARS.

AT no time in our history has the Nation paid such particular attention to what has always been regarded as our National Glory—"Rich, Healthy, Beautiful Hair."

Bobbed, Shingled, "Etoned" or in its full glorious length, women are determined that their hair on all occasions should look its very best.

Men to-day know that the man who stands out for smartness and keen good looks is the man with well-groomed hair.

There is no doubt that to a very large extent this intense personal pride in the maintenance or cultivation of hair beauty is due to the valuable work and very practical help in the form of Hair Health Gifts that have been distributed by the Proprietors of the famous "Harlene-Hair-Drill."

POST THE COUPON BELOW AND THIS FREE GIFT AWAITS YOU.

Here, then, is the Four-Fold Hair Health Gift awaiting your acceptance. If you write now you will receive by return:—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE," the true liquid food for the Hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc.
3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair. Especially valuable if the scalp is over-dry.
4. A COPY OF THE NEW EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED "HAIR-DRILL" MANUAL.

Then with the complete Hair-Growing Outfit comes the particulars of the £10,000 Profit-Sharing Gifts Distribution Scheme. One of the presents is the handsome Fitted Toilet Dressing Case illustrated.

FREE!

FREE!

If you are worried about the condition of your hair ask yourself these questions:

- Is my hair becoming Dank and Lifeless?
- Do hairs come out in Comb and Brush?
- Are the ends of the hair Splitting and Straggly?
- Has my hair lost its Natural Wave?
- Am I troubled with Scurf?
- Is my hair too Dry or Too Greasy?

Any man or woman who answers "YES" to any of these questions should certainly secure the "Harlene" Four-Fold Gift NOW and AT ONCE.

FREE!

The above handsomely fitted Toilet Dressing Case is only one of the many Gifts to be distributed FREE in the Great "Harlene-Hair-Drill" £10,000 Profit-Sharing Gift Scheme.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s, 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

HAIR-DRILL GUARANTEE.

With every Free Outfit it is explained how, if for any reason you are dissatisfied with any "Hair-Drill" preparation subsequently purchased, the price is refunded in full.

SPECIAL NOTICE to the GREY HAIRED

If your hair is Grey, Faded or quickly losing its colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

JOHN BULL, 26/6/26.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

(Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

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You cannot afford to miss the summer-time energy which Quaker Oats gives. Keep brisk. Start the day with delicious, appetizing Quaker Oats.

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Your Grocer has both kinds **Quaker** *Quick* and **Oats** **Quaker**

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S 26/A

Words Winged to Women

WHEN the last inch of ground is won and the last rampart stormed in the battle for sex equality, wife and motherhood will still be the chosen career of the majority of women. Why, then, not prepare for it?

THE LIE-ABED GIRL

by MABEL HORNER

A FEW days ago an employer of female labour made public a mighty moan. He advertised for a "bright, intelligent girl" to do office work and received letters from ninety-two applicants. Forty-two he promptly popped into his waste-paper basket.

To his horror the whole of the rejected bunch had referred to themselves as wishing to apply for the situation offered to "a young lady."

This strong, but by no means silent, man wants no such about his premises. "Young ladies," he declares, "stand on their dignity," and he wants a "girl" who is capable and keen, and who, presumably, doesn't mind being ordered about in a rough tone.

Happily, at this gentleman we can afford to laugh. More serious, because coming from a sympathetic source, is the fact made public by the Association of Head Mistresses, who have formed a committee to help girls of school-leaving age to find suitable employment.

That committee reports that "many of the girls expect to work unreasonably short hours and object to begin work as early as 9 a.m. *Good posts, with good prospects, are frequently refused for this trivial reason.*"

The missed chance

If this lie-abed business was confined to young girls it would be bad enough. But it is not. I have in mind a youth who had every prospect of being able to work his way to the top of the tree with the firm that first employed him.

He was offered his chance to put his foot on the first rung of the ladder. The money was good; the conditions were easy. But the work necessitated getting in at 8 a.m. instead of 9 a.m. as heretofore. He hum'd and ha'd; it meant his mother getting up an hour earlier to get his breakfast; it would upset the house too much.

There is but one answer to this sort of spirit, and this particular firm, anxious though it was to help this lad, made it. He got the sack. He is now one of the drifters, one of many who will one day be permanently unemployed just for lack of a bit of grit.

No one will blame me as one of those who lightly dismiss the terrible unemployment problem as one of general unwillingness to work. Nothing could be more stupid and cruel.

But I do say that girls who miss excellent jobs because nine o'clock in the morning is too early to set to work, and boys who fool away life's chances because they cannot tumble out of bed by sun-up, are not themselves to blame.

Fruits of snobbishness

They are products of our snobbishness and lack of grit, of our inertia and general unwillingness to "put the back into it" that ever since the great war has been spreading over the country like a withering blight.

Moreover, it is doubtful whether our public education is doing all it should to make young people eager for the right sort of employment. The girl who gets on, declares one head mistress, is not the girl who at school does brilliantly in examinations; often at school she has an undistinguished career.

But when she leaves, and when her individuality can come into play, and her sense of responsibility has room to develop, she strikes out for herself and makes good.

The same critic puts her finger right on the spot when she says "that many people regard it as a superior occupation if a girl spends her days addressing envelopes, adding up figures, or typing other people's letters, and an inferior occupation if she performs the far more varied duties involved in the care of a home."

Miss R. Bassett, M.B.E., a head mistress who believes that education must permit the exercise of self-reliance and constant appeal to the children's own judgment and sense of responsibility

It passes comprehension why a woman should think it more commendable to hustle and jostle for an inferior sort of clerkship—which in most cases she is willing to drop at the first possible moment for a home of her own—than to prepare for that home by gaining practical experience in housecraft.

A national motto

Again the fault is due to the snobbery of the age. Industry and efficiency in *every* department of life must be our motto. It is the only thing to keep our country great.

That is a great task, and great tasks have never in the world's history been accomplished by those afraid of hard work, or who waited to begin until after sun-up.

Innocents on the Rack

by LADY SLESSER *(Wife of Sir Henry Slesser, former Solicitor-General)*

POSSIBLY it is too much to expect that during a great industrial battle there should be an entire absence of prejudice in the minds of public bodies; but when innocent women and children are made to suffer the time comes for stern intervention.

As treasurer of the Women's Committee for the Relief of Miners' Wives and Children, I have ample testimony that unfair tactics are being pursued in the present economic struggle.

Local guardians in some areas are far from performing the duty for which they were elected—that is, to maintain, so far as lies in their power, at least a minimum standard of living for the unfortunate people unable, through lack of means, to supply it for themselves.

IN the Midlands we have even heard from medical authorities of supplies provided by the guardians of cheap milk preparations with low powers of nutrition.

But the main question is relief on loan. Most of the Poor Law relief is of such a kind, and many education authorities give meals to the children in the same way.

The former even require a signed statement that the loan will be repaid by deductions made by the employer from the man's wages when he returns to work. Arrears of rent for colliery houses will also be deducted in the same way.

There is no complaint about the principle of the thing. Miners don't want charity, where they can have an opportunity of repaying help given to them. But, in the worse paid districts, the action of the guardians may mean an enforced distress over a long period, almost as bad as the strike itself.

WHEN a man is earning a rate of pay near the starvation level, and has grocers and other creditors clamouring to be paid, it will be a serious hardship if boards of guardians make a first and enforced charge upon all income.

Meanwhile there is a pretty scandalous state of affairs in regard to relief work. Our committee is now helping a miner's wife, mother of six children, the youngest four and a half months old, who has been ordered by the doctor to supply an ailing child with a pint of milk a day.

Another mother has nine children, six being under working age, one being only nine days old, and she is at present living in a house which our representative says should have been condemned years ago.

Such instances of real hardship are not isolated. In almost every mining village babies are sick and ailing from lack of nourishment.

Further, consider the replies given by a miner's wife in North Wales to some questions on what is being done to get the children fed: Nothing is being done either by Poor Law, child welfare centre or any other means. Some relief is being given by the educational authorities.

As to meals supplied on loan, the cost of these is deducted from the parent's out-relief—namely, 2d. per day per child. These meals are limited to one a day, and Sunday is not included.

THE responsibility of this lies not so much with the individual boards of guardians and local health authorities as with the Minister of Health, who is enforcing his regulations with the utmost rigour and compelling the most generous to fall below their desires.

On the other hand, he is allowing reactionary authorities to give even less than the maximum scale, a scale which cannot save a child from hunger and yet is so given as to leave them with a terrible burden of debt.

There are two ways of counteracting this—one by pressure upon the Minister of Health to release the Poor Law authorities from his callous regulations, and the other by giving liberally to the funds for helping the miners' wives and children.

This space has been taken by Boots The Chemists for the expression of the opinions of well-known people concerning the activities of the firm.

BOOTS—IN ITS DEVELOPMENTS.

By the Rt. Hon. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

IN approaching an attempt to describe yet another and equally momentous side of the work of Boots, I have again to make confession of almost absurd ignorance, for I ought to have known of it and have grasped its meaning and its importance long ago. I have already shown how Boots, beginning as a shopkeeper, developed into a mighty manufactory, the manufactory that prepared the medicine which the interminable chain of fine shops were supplying to poor and rich alike throughout all the cities and towns of Great Britain.

It will perhaps be a surprise to my readers, as it was to myself, to find that Boots the shopkeeper and Boots the manufacturer—have come into what is the most beneficent of activities, the most helpful contribution to the lessening of human suffering and the increase of human happiness in which the last century of the world's history has rushed to the front of all the ages that have preceded it. That department is research. If I am ever depressed as to the progress of the world—it is not a cheering world to-day—I turn in thought to the achievements of medical research. One of the greatest of the world's surgeons to-day, staggered me once by the statement that when, as a youngster, he was resident surgeon in the Infirmary at Leeds, the mortality in abdominal operations was two out of three; it is now two out of a hundred. The horrible disease of rodent ulcer—a twin sister of cancer—used to eat men's faces away; Dr. Graham Little, the great doctor and M.P. for London University, described to me once his first experiences as a doctor dealing with skin diseases; and I almost got sick in hearing his tale, as he had done when seeing one patient eaten in every part of the face through three long years to death; to-day such a disease can be tackled, and in many cases entirely cured.

An Irishman, a friend of mine, a few years ago lay in bed at the London Hospital, getting thinner every hour, with the diabetic sugar mounting daily to the point where it meant death, and he, poor fellow, blind, helpless and semi-conscious. Outside the door stood the doctors of the Institution waiting breathlessly in mad anxiety for the first packet of Insulin to arrive from Canada, watching feverishly the race between time and death and the coming Insulin; the Insulin came, and the then unconscious, dying and blind man is walking the streets to-day, attending to his business. The preparation of Insulin from the pancreatic glands of oxen has now been perfected, and INSULIN-BOOTS is know all over the Empire. Its manufacture calls into consideration many important details. In addition to plant and laboratory for the actual extraction and purification, other laboratories are needed for testing the product at many stages, to meet the requirements of the firm's pharmacologist and bacteriologist.

It is not many years ago since doctor and parents had to stand in agony while they saw the baby being slowly strangled to death by diphtheria; diphtheria is, in the majority of cases, curable. We have not yet captured that bacteria which devastates so many thousands every year with cancer; but we are on the track, and very close to the flying heels of the hideous monster.

This is what the science of medical research is doing for the world to-day. And now I have to note as perhaps the most gratifying and remarkable new aspect of the firm of Boots, that they have sent into the great army of research a big army corps of their own. Of all the departments in Nottingham this is the one that most interested, most inspired me. With their big capital behind them, with their command of the best intelligence in the country, with the beneficent spirit of public service which has been the driving force behind all the work of Boots, they have brought a great auxiliary and well-equipped army into the other forces fighting for fruitful research. First they have engaged at adequate salaries the best trained men they could find. They come to Boots from the Universities, and the Hospitals; they examine, scrutinise, make experiments with the best machinery in their laboratories; you can find them there leaning over their microscopes, with well balanced scales, with test tubes, with anything and everything that may guide them through the long, tortuous, dark paths that lead to the discoveries of the bacillus or of the remedy. All around them is a perfect armoury of the instruments that help in this work; all around them are assistants—many of them young girls in white smocks, recording figures, weighing chemicals; each contributing his or her own share to the master hands that are guiding the campaign against disease and in the discovery of its remedies. You come across all kinds of ingenious and very simple instruments that do what, even a few years ago, would have been considered miracles. I was pointed out quite a small machine, simplicity itself apparently in its mechanism; yet that instrument can perform the momentous function of discovering the smallest trace of arsenic; and the importance of that function will be realised in the fact that there are traces of arsenic in almost everything, and that for want of such a machine a great firm may lose more than £100,000 by the accidental and tiny bits of arsenic in a gigantic supply of their otherwise perfect goods.

But again there is another and even bigger side to this research department. When a new remedy has been discovered for the treatment of disease, the Analytical department of Boots devotes itself to the inquiry whether the accepted remedy cannot also be improved. Everybody will remember the world-wide feeling of joy that came with the discovery of Salvarsan, a remedy against one of the most wide-spread, one of the most disastrous, one of the most propagating—so to speak—of human diseases, visiting the sins of the fathers on the fourth and fifth generation. The genius of a German aided by that of a Japanese brought that tremendous cure for a tremendous evil first to the knowledge of the world; then came the war, and Boots received the license of our own authorities to deal with the new remedy. But after they had started they found themselves inspired by the idea that they could greatly improve upon the original remedy. Salvarsan had its drawbacks and in some few cases proved rather a poison, than an antidote. Boots went thoroughly into the causes of this defect; with this important result, that they substituted for Salvarsan a drug called "Stabilarsan"—with all the efficiency of Salvarsan, without any of its proved defects and perils. Side by side with the discovery and manufacture of this new remedy, Boots also introduced Bismostab. This is a substitute for Mercury; everybody knows that in the old days before the discovery of Salvarsan, the people struck down by venereal disease were dosed with such large quantities of mercury that it was hard to deny that sometimes the remedy was worse than the disease. The large use of mercury was still continued by the inventors of Salvarsan; the new drug introduced by Boots gives all the good effected by the old mercurial method without any of its evil results.

I have but touched the fringes of my subject, and already have used up most of the space allotted to me. I have not had time to notice the special and most potent aids given by the firm in the conduct of the war. Take one instance; the blockade and the war generally left us short of sugar, and saccharin, its best substitute, was mainly a German product Boots took it in hand, and they are now manufacturers of about 70% of the saccharin made in this country.

In the war operations they played a very important, almost a decisive part, in such of them as were concerned in dealing with that dreadful new weapon of warfare—the poison gas. They supplied more than 8,000,000 complete box respirators to the British and Allied Armies in connection with the anti-Gas department of the Government—the first effective box respirators ever used, and they supplied also the whole of the chemicals required for these respirators.

It is beyond my present scope to speak of the internal organisation of Boots so far as their staff is concerned. Over all that side of it floats the form of the beneficent man, now old and stricken, who brought the whole vast fabric into being. Suffice it to say that there is no body of employees in the country who are better looked after—and not merely in good wages and reasonable hours, but in recreation, in amusement and in education.

I end as I began, by repeating that even more inspiring to me is the fine spirit of duty to the public and the nation generally, and the truly Christian spirit which underlies all its activities.

"Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?"
Robert Browning.

Whittington and a famous ENGLISH ROLL FILM

No. 7

"That famous marchant and mercer," as Gregory's Chronicle describes Dick Whittington, has become the legendary figure of that characteristic British "quality" of perseverance. The Imperial Company, makers of the celebrated Imperial Plates and pioneer English Roll Film manufacturers, now enjoy the richly deserved success of their perseverance and the skill of their craftsmen. They have produced an ideal film for every make of camera and every photographer. Extraordinarily rapid, it makes the most of even the dullest weather, and is renowned for its wonderful capacity for giving those bright detailed snapshots so beloved of all holidaymakers.

Insist on Imperial Roll Film—English and Best. Sold by all good photographic dealers at usual prices:—V.P. 1 1/2, 2¼ by 3¼ 1/2, 2¼ by 4¼ 1/5. They fit all makes of cameras.

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THE BABY FOOD WITH A POLICY BEHIND IT.

Shortly will be announced the full details of a most original competition in which the word "Policy" will have true significance. For the present let us say that

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are to be awarded to babies in a manner which will appeal immediately to the true parental instinct.

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has always been backed by a policy of absolute purity and endorsed by the Medical and Nursing Professions. The term policy may mean much or little, but the Proprietors of COW & GATE MILK FOOD are determined it shall mean much to the future happiness of many babies.

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On the front cover, the proprietors of Palmolive Shaving Cream offer a trial tube free. This is sufficient for ten shaves and it proves the faith which the firm has in its product. Simply fill in the coupon, write clearly, giving your name and full postal address and send it to-day.

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MEDICATED AND OXYGENATED WATER PRODUCED BY REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

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Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of refined **Reudo. Bath Saltrates** in a gallon of water. This will make a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot-bath, reproducing the soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities of the waters of famous Continental Spas. **Reudo! Bath Saltrates**, in convenient sizes, can be obtained from all chemists. Prices 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound.

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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

A Despicable Revenge

The Mother's Choice—A Wife's Rival—Shadow of the Past

"I HAVE no doubt you are familiar with the quotation 'Who steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed.'

"That describes the unfortunate position in which my husband is placed through the vindictive action of an employer whom he had served faithfully for years, but with whom he eventually had a disagreement of opinion.

"My husband, who is a motor-driver, worked practically night and day for this employer, who is a tradesman. During the daytime he drove a delivery-van and in the evenings and at week-ends he had to act as chauffeur.

"When the disagreement to which I have referred arose, my husband had in view a more comfortable and better-paid position which would have enabled him to devote a little more time to his home life.

"You may imagine our distress when we found that it was impossible for him to get this post simply because his late employer refused a reference.

"KNOWING something of the character of my husband's old slave-driver, I made it my business to go to see him. Although during the years my husband worked for him he had spoken well of him, he now called my husband a slacker and declared that he was not sure of his honesty.

"I was so taken aback by this that I pressed him for something more definite until at last he boldly declared that my husband was a thief. His collecting-books were always regularly inspected, and it would not have taken years to discover any defalcations.

"The allegation was only made after he had left, and the only conclusion is that it was made through sheer spite.

"As I found that this slander was being repeated outside, I consulted a solicitor. My husband was not out for damages, but would have been contented with a withdrawal and apology.

"We have no money to take a case to the High Court and the solicitor says that he is afraid the employer is too big a man to tender an apology willingly."

"HUMANIST" says:—*If your husband cannot afford to go to the High Court he might ask for a summons for insulting behaviour. Even if it were not granted it would indicate to prospective employers that your husband is perfectly prepared to have the charge investigated, and they would attach little importance to slanderous statements made by a vindictive employer who was not prepared to justify them.*

A Mother's Dilemma

"I AM an unmarried mother with a boy nine years of age, whose father died when he was born. At the death of my parents I was left with a home, but no income whatever, and I have just been able to exist and provide for my child by going out to work and letting one of my rooms.

"I have often had to go without food myself in order to save enough money to pay my rent, but even this is getting impossible.

"I have been badly let down by a lodger who left without paying me, and not having been able to get another, I have had to sell most of my furniture in order to live.

"The relieving officer refuses to help me unless I will put my boy in a home. It is this that I think so cruel. The little fellow has been my inspiration and comfort in all my troubles, and I feel life would scarcely be worth living if I were parted from him.

"I might be able to get a situation as housekeeper or something of the kind if I were by myself, but I should have no heart left to work.

"If I were a widow all sorts of people would be willing to help me, but as it is there seems to be little pity in the world for such as me.

"Is it just that my child should have to suffer for a wrong that was done to me years ago? I have suffered every day of my life since he was born, and now I am asked to part with my only comfort as the price of food and shelter."

"HUMANIST" says:—*Your feelings are natural, but you must consider the welfare of the child as well as your own comfort. If you are unable to provide for yourself and for him you may both have to go into an institution where you would be separated, and it would be better for you to place him in a home where he would be well looked after. He could return to you when he is older and meanwhile you would have less difficulty in finding work.*

Revenge No Remedy

"WHEN I read recently of your sympathy with a war widow who had been deprived of her pension, I could not help wondering what you would do in my position. Some time ago, I made the acquaintance of a war widow, and we became very friendly. She was working in the same place as my husband, and she knew that he was a married man with a wife and three children, for she frequently came to our home.

"I did not realise that there was any wrong being done until I found that she was about to have a child, and my husband confessed that he was responsible.

"She has not had her pension stopped, and though I sympathise with the widow who was the victim of a man's deceit, I do think that this woman who knew quite well what she was doing should be punished in the same way.

"She has ruined my happiness and I am afraid my husband and I will never be the same together again.

"Do you not think I would be justified in taking my revenge by informing the Ministry of Pensions how badly she has behaved?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*I sympathise with you deeply, but I would ask you to remember that revenge will not remedy your unhappiness. You would be quite justified in reporting the widow's misconduct, but you should think less of that and more of trying to recapture your husband's love and devotion, so that the atmosphere of the home may be healthier for your children.*

A Sinister Shadow

"SOME time ago I received a sentence of imprisonment for purchasing some stolen property. I swear I did so innocently, but I was not believed.

"When I came out of prison I tried earnestly to continue to live an honest life. I was getting along splendidly until recently, when a man whom I had met in prison came to live in the same locality as myself. From that moment I have been driven almost to despair by misfortunes which have fallen upon me.

"Three times within two months I have been dismissed from situations I had obtained, my employers admitting when I pressed them for an explanation that they had discovered I had been in prison and they feared their business would suffer if it became known to their customers.

"I have every reason to believe that in every case they have been informed of my past by this man I met in jail.

"I do not know why this man should bear me any ill-will and it is terrible to think that my whole future is to be blackened by the shadow of my past."

"HUMANIST" says:—*I think it is quite likely that the man you met in jail is endeavouring to interfere with your prospects of obtaining employment in the hope that he may entangle you in crime and force you to act as a "fence." Report the matter to the police-court missionary.*

A Slow Awakening

"Six years ago I married a woman twelve years older than myself, with three children. As the time has gone on I find that we are unsuited to each other, but my wages are insufficient to enable me to support her if I arrange a separation. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *You married for better or worse and you must make the best of it. Incompatibility of temperament is not accepted as a ground for divorce in this country. If you make your wife's happiness your first consideration you may yet find happiness yourself.*

Keeping her Vows

"My husband has unfortunately been laid aside by an incurable complaint and consequently I have had to become the breadwinner of the family. I find, however, that I am cold-shouldered by other girls in the office who declare that I have no right to occupy a post which a single girl could fill."

"Humanist" says: *You are simply giving practical effect to your marriage vows in working for your husband who is incapacitated and you are to be honoured for it. Those who criticise you so unkindly are probably working for pin-money.*

An Orphan's Independence

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(See page 34.)

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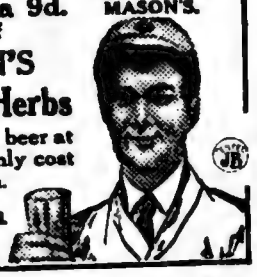

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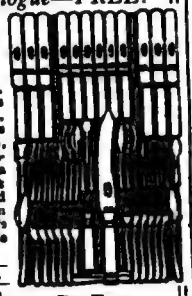

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Useless Stability

Mr. Baldwin with his pipe has become a symbol of "stability." But "standing still" and "doing nothing" is not "stability." The nation demands from its Premier something more than calmness, honesty and goodwill. He must have clearness of vision and ideas with determination to transform them into action in face of all opposition. If Mr. Baldwin cannot show that he possesses these requisities it is time he made way for some one who does!—*Doubtful, Edinburgh.*

The Bet'er Quality

The secret of Mr. Baldwin's popularity lies in the fact that he lacks distinction rather than possesses it. Being a perfectly average man he neither eclipses the dull-witted by undue brilliance nor amazes the brilliant by an utter lack of brains. There are worse qualities in a Prime Minister than mediocrity, so long as it is accompanied by honourable intentions.—*Plain John Tooting Bec.*

Resting on his Laurels

Mr. Baldwin rose to great heights by the way he handled the general strike, but resting on laurels will not do. The men who are withholding settlement must be dethroned in the interests of the nation. JOHN BULL has shown the lines on which the wheels of the coal industry will revolve smoothly. Will the Premier accept them and give the miners a fair deal?—*Fair Play, Salford.*

Twisting the Truth

Permit me to add my quota of thanks to JOHN BULL for the splendid manner in which it has championed the cause of the miners. Its fearless exposure of the rapacity of the owners, of their callous indifference to the hardships and suffering of their employees, and, above all, of their extraordinary capacity for "twisting" the truth, merit the everlasting gratitude of every right-thinking Briton.—*D. A. T., Mon.*

An Impossible Task

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, one of the greatest Prime Ministers of our time, is told that he should have imposed the policy of the Coal Commission six weeks ago. Is there a man alive who could do so in six months, and certain recommendations within the next few years? Instead of doing nothing Mr. Baldwin must be the hardest worked man in the country, and for his work we admire him.—*C. C. J., Harrogate.*

The Usual Sufferers

Mr. Baldwin's seeming indifference during the present coal crisis is tragic. Miners and masters pursue their suicidal policy, and in the meantime women and children are starving and are destitute. That strength which the Prime Minister displayed in the general strike seems to have utterly vanished, and instead of forcing an issue in the nation's interest he is evidently prepared to stand idly by and, consciously or otherwise, starve the miners into subjection.—*F. Rowley, Staffs.*

Fatal Delay

Thousands of workpeople here are walking the streets, hundreds of shopkeepers are faced with bankruptcy, and the banks are paying out holiday savings months before they are due. All this is the result of Mr. Baldwin's inaction and ineptitude. Obviously the miners are to be starved into submission. But this will not happen, in the North at any rate, judging from the way in which the public here are rallying towards the miners' support. Delay and indecision are fatal, and Mr. Baldwin must act before it is too late.—*Gully Beach, Burnley.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Baldwin Blamed

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's criticism of the Prime Minister this week is a mean attack, not worthy of the writer. Evidently Mr. Gardiner has been barren of ideas and has had recourse to the good old method of blaming the Premier for all our troubles, as if he could, by a wave of his hand, banish them for good. Mr. Baldwin has grappled with and solved difficulties that would have beaten lesser men, and he has displayed courage where his predecessors would have shown abject weakness.—*D. L., Crosshill.*

Peace with Honour

The Premier must not allow the mine-owners to starve the miners into a surrender. Let him remember the call of 1914 and the response, not forgetting those who laid down their lives. The Premier must make it clear that the people demand a settlement at once, but one with honour. Should the mine-owners refuse, then he must be firm and take the mines from them. He will then soon see what will happen—the strike will end.—*W. H. H., Halifax.*

Pity the Pit Ponies

Seeing that the coal-owners are doing their utmost to get the miners to work eight hours, I wonder if they ever consider the poor pony who already works fourteen in two consecutive shifts? One hour on the men means two hours on the ponies. I have seen the poor little animals staggering with exhaustion, having to pass through the powder, smoke, mud and water. What the little animals will be like with sixteen hours I leave you to judge.—*Humanity, Durham.*

Train Perils

Something ought to be done to compel railway companies to run corridor carriages on all non-stop trains. I have recently witnessed three cases of sudden illness on a journey which takes an hour without a stop at any intermediate station. Now, when trains are more crowded then ever, owing to the restricted service, the adoption of corridor carriages on long runs would be a sensible act on the part of the companies.—*W. F., Canvey Island.*

Cause for Shame

I spent a year in Constantinople, and as a British officer felt it my duty to be proud of my own country, as indeed I was. But when I see a family of three driven to living in a pig-sty in which they cannot stand upright (the case is one of others at Ecclesfield), and the authorities permit it, then I feel ashamed of my own land.—*D. W., Worksop.*

Who Pays the Piper?

JOHN BULL for May 29 referred to the Americans paying three times the wages to bricklayers as are paid in this country. Yet the building costs in London are as high as in New York. It is time somebody woke up. The high rents are strangling the people. For building the Cincinnati model homes the average number of bricks certified as laid per day was 1,500.—*A. N., Birmingham.*

Home-Work Frauds

While nine-tenths of the so-called correspondence courses are worthless, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the home employment schemes are frauds, intended for no other purpose than to seize the savings of the poor, but ambitious, who want to increase their meagre incomes or knowledge. All those advertising home instruction or employment schemes should be made to convince the authorities of their genuineness.—*H. B., Sussex.*

Riveters' Rates

May I as a shipyard worker thank JOHN BULL for publishing the article "Slaves of the Black Squad"? This article comes at an opportune time—when the shipyard worker is applying for an advance in wages. Perhaps the conditions under which these men work will come as a shock to a great many people, but I hope your article will shed light on a question that will be presently to the fore.—*J. H. D., Durham.*

Hitting the Small Trader

Strikes hit lots of people, but none more than the small tradesman. His takings are reduced, but he still has to meet his bills; his rates are higher and he loses a lot by allowing former good customers to have credit. Week after week he must take money from his savings to keep things going. When he ought to be enjoying a hard-earned rest, he is worrying about the future and putting in twelve hours a day to try and improve matters.—*Small Tradesman's Daughter, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Making "Bolshies"

It is time that certain newspapers gave less space to reports of Court functions, also moderated the descriptions that are given. Such head-lines as "vivid splendour," "elaborate dresses," do not help to make a contented nation in these days. Agricultural workers are paid a pittance, engineers are receiving wages which are a disgrace for skilled work, and the miners are fighting hard for a living wage. The flaunting of wealth will further the cause of Moscow more quickly than anything else.—*L. J. B., Surrey.*

A Motto to Copy

Your motto is, "For the People—The Right to Justice and Truth." It is a pity some of the daily and weekly papers do not follow your example. Then we might get justice for the miners if the truth was told. The article by Mr. G. Hardy proves who the villains are. They are the type of person Mr. E. R. Thompson portrays—"Fat men guzzling expensive food and pouring champagne into their fat bellies," while the miners knock life out to keep it in.—*J. M., Leith.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HEREFORD TIMES":—"The two bridesmaids were charmingly attired in turquoise blue cape dresses trimmed with white SUEDE SHOES."

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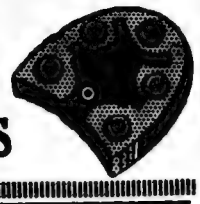

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The Moral of the Hunt Cup

Manton Surprises—Upsets in the Past—Why Hot-pots Fail at Ascot—Caissot a Good 'Un—This Week's Racing—Legatee and Grand Prix

JOHN BULL readers who took my advice for Ascot and followed Alec Taylor blindly came out well on the right side of the ledger—Cross Bow, 33 to 1; Book Law, 7 to 2; Foliation, 2 to 1, and Lancegaye rounded off a nice Royal meeting for the Manton trainer.

A Timely Hint

I did not tip Cross Bow for the Hunt Cup, but, judging from the number of letters received, the hint given in the "For Your Notebook" feature—Cross Bow.—Make a particular note of this one of Taylor's—put punters wise to the fact that the Manton neglected in the market was worth a saver.

Horses are not Machines

As far back as I can remember—and this dates to the days of the original Manton Wizard, old Alec Taylor—the outsider of two in the betting has popped up every now and then. In big stables like Manton's this cannot be avoided, as horses are not machines.

20 to 1 Surprises

Next to Colorado, Swift and Sure was the best backed horse in the Derby. His stable companion, Lancegaye, 40 to 1, nearly did the trick. Bright Knight, 20 to 1, toppled over St. Germans, 5 to 4, at Newmarket last year. Saltash, 20 to 1, won the Eclipse of 1923. Bold and Bad, 7 to 4, was unplaced.

The Safe Way

Trainers cannot declare to win, and when they run horses in different ownerships they are under no obligation to tell the world that they think so-and-so is better than so-and-so, even if they know; very often they don't, but the moral to be drawn from the Hunt Cup is, if you back Taylor, stake a little on the market's neglected as well as the market's selected.

Why the Hot-pots Fail

Generally speaking, I found the racing at Ascot delightful, but I am more than ever convinced that the meeting is a godsend for the pencillers; and owing to the strenuous uphill nature of the course, the form of the horses which run is not much use for future guidance. Ascot is noted for the odds-on favourites which slip up. Over the average course these good things would materialise, but at Ascot the rise all the way in the sprints and at the end of the long-distance races snuffs them out like candles.

Caissot—Not Colorado

I noticed shortly after the Derby that several of the well-known ante-post bookmakers were offering 7 to 2 against Colorado's chance of winning the St. Leger. This was a mistake on their part, and was soon rectified. The horse is not engaged in the Doncaster race. Lord Derby's representative for the Leger will be Caissot, whom I saw win the Prince of Wales' Stakes from Cimiez on the opening day at Ascot.

Caissot's Fine Breeding

Caissot is by the substitute Derby winner, Gay Crusader, and the 1919 St. Leger winner, Keysoe, and he is going to turn out a champion. Coming into the straight at Ascot it looked as if he were a beaten horse, for, after making most of the running, he gave way to Cimiez. Opposite the stands he came again with an irresistible rush and won easily. The race was 1 mile 5 furlongs, and the ascent at the finish had no terrors for him.

This Week's Racing

The first of Brighton's three meetings takes place this week, and is followed by Sandown Park, but there is no event of much importance until the Eclipse comes up for decision on July 16. Considering that all the important races except the Derby, the City and Sub. and the Gold Cup have well filled the bookmakers' pockets, this is, perhaps, just as well. The course at Brighton is a freak of Nature, and is rather after the style of a circus-ground. It is inadvisable to try to win your summer holiday money there, but you cannot go far wrong if you follow Frank Hartigan and Stanley Wootton. Hartigan's best are Rhyolite, Jafar, Hiram and Bay Friar, and Wootton will probably secure a race or two with Golden Clear, Questor, Running Water and Modesty. The fortunate people by the sea who are able to enjoy the racing at Brighton should remember that the draw for places is all-important and favours the low numbers. Tabor's runners should be noted at Sandown Park.

Frank Hartigan, the trainer who usually does well at Brighton

Can We Win the Grand Prix?

On Sunday Legatee takes his chance in the Grand Prix de Paris, and my French correspondent who saw the French Derby run last Sunday week still thinks the chance of our invader a good one. At the same time, it must be admitted that Madrigal is likely to prove a stronger opponent for Legatee than the non-staying Biribi, who was the beaten favourite for the Derby at Chantilly. Madrigal is by the French champion sire, Bruleur, and he won his race with sufficient ease to suggest that he is a good colt. The only thing against him is that if the going should turn unduly hard he may be beaten by it, as others of his breed have been in the past. Still Legatee each-way is a sound bet.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

BAY FRIAR.—The horses-for-courses theory points strongly to Bay Friar at Brighton. Has won twice over the course.

CATALIN.—In Tatt's Catalin was expected to get the Ascot Stakes in the objection-room. You can consider Donoghue's mount as a winner without a penalty. He is certain to win a long-distance race.

MARDOMAN.—The Aga Khan owns this very speedy filly. She is a flier from the gate, and should never be missed over five furlongs.

SILVER TOSS should change the luck of Nugent's stable before long. I thought the youngster should have beaten Genista at Gatwick.

THE SATRAP is probably the best two-year-old so far seen out this season. By The Tetrarch, he is a full brother to Tetratema.

BRIDGE OF DUN.—If Cottrill keeps this one to selling plates he will most likely win next time out. The six-year-old did not have much luck at Newbury.

SWEET ROCKET.—Many of the heads were on Pickering's filly for the Hunt Cup. She led the chase for several furlongs, but unfortunately for her backers Morris could not keep her to a straight line, and she swerved badly. Sweet Rocket will pick up another race before long.

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A Pitfall for Punters

A pitfall for those who have a little flutter on the big French race comes from the continual repetition by writers in this country who ought to know better that when two horses in the same stable are running in a race you are on whichever wins. This is only true if they are in the same ownership, and, on the other hand, they need not be in the same stable if they are in the same ownership. The trainer has nothing to do with it. If this rule had been in force in England, backers of Inca in the Hunt Cup would not draw over Cross Bow. Taylor trains both, but Lord Astor owns Cross Bow and Mr. Reid Walker Inca.

Two More for the Sea Cure

D. Dale, the Bishopstone trainer, is still going strong patching up crippled horses. The two latest animals to be sent to him to undergo his famous sea-bathing cure are Jarvie, a Victoria Cup winner, and Dinkie, the 50 to 1 winner of the 1924 Royal Hunt Cup. You can keep an eye on this pair when they return to the fighting arena, as Dale will get races out of them. Some of his cures are speedy, but he can be very patient when necessary. He got a race out of Pinemarten after two years' absence from a race-course, and he won over the sticks with Father Collins, a horse whose broken leg he patched up. The age of miracles is not past.

A Cloud Burst at Beverley

I did not get up to Beverley recently as the meeting clashed with Newbury, but one of my northern correspondents tells me that the Watt Memorial Plate was run during the worst rainstorm he has ever experienced. The race was won by Passing Cloud at 10 to 1!

Five Abbots from Beckhampton

During the past fortnight Fred Darling, the trainer of Coronach, has won races with Abbot's Speed, Abbot's Smile and Abbot's Remorse, all owned by Lord Dewar. A wag wants to know if the Master of Beckhampton presides over a monastery. I will endeavour to find out, but I know that there are two bright unnamed sons of Abbot's Trace sheltered at Beckhampton which have not yet run. One is out of Cherimoya, an Oaks winner, and the other Silver Urn.

Frank Bullock's Training Quarters

Several readers have asked me what has become of Frank Bullock since he gave up riding for Manton last autumn. Is there any chance of him joining the ranks of Stanley Wootton, "Snowy" Whalley, Vic. Smythe and Co.? There is, but not in England. Frank has returned to his native land, Australia, and has started to train at Caulfield, just outside Melbourne. At the moment his stable is a modest one. It consists of one three-year-old and two yearlings.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

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How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

KT2TULKF would read CORONACH.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, June 23, to Tuesday, June 29.

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WINNINGS BY RETURN.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920.

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED AS A MINIMUM.

Some Ante Post "Tote" Pool Prices returned this season:—

ROYAL HUNT CUP:
CROSS BOW 360/1.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS:
PILLION 104/1.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS:
COLORADO 12/1.

DERBY:
CORONACH 15/2.

OAKS:
SHORT STORY 7/1.

CITY AND SUBURBAN:
WARDEN OF THE MARCHES 16/1.

GREAT METROPOLITAN:
KYRA 65/1.

GRAND NATIONAL:
JACK HORNER 40/1.

LINCOLN HANDICAP:
KING OF CLUBS, 460/1.

See daily returns in "Sporting Life and Sportsman" and "Sporting Chronicle."

LIVERPOOL CUP, STEWARDS CUP

First Pools, Singles and the Double Event close July 1.

Send a Postcard for full particulars.

THE TOTALISATOR,
St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH

SKIN DISEASES

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

"My Eczema was cured in three days."

Marvellous for Sore and Tired Feet. Bad Corns disappear in a few days.

Zee-Kol kills the sting of Gnat and Mosquitoes immediately.

Cured in a Night.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin cure of all time. If put on the skin, whether covered with Pimples or ugly Blemishes, they disappear in a night, and the most frightful skin disease that can attack the skin disappears like magic. Never was known any cure like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy in the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New Skin forms in a few days.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

At all chemists, Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or large tin 3/-

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON.

A sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills will be sent free. No postage. If samples of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Rabia Face Cream are also desired, send 3d. for postage and packing. Cut this coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and post to the Zee-Kol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 97), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.

Delivered to Your Door for

2/- DOWN

MODELS from £4 15 0 CASH.
FREE TRIAL WITHOUT OBLIGATION TO BUY.
JUNO CYCLES ARE BRITISH THROUGHOUT
and sent straight to you
DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY.
NO WAITING.
WONDERFUL EASY TERMS.
SUPERB QUALITY AND EASY RUNNING.
GUARANTEED FOR EVER.
MODELS TO SUIT EVERY RIDER.
DON'T DELAY.
WRITE FOR FREE ART CATALOGUE
and make your choice.
Cheapest House in the Trade for Cycle Accessories.
JUNO CYCLE CO. (Dept. D.2)
168 and 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

PACKING AND CARRIAGE FREE

JUNO

REMOVE THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

Nine times out of ten indigestion is caused by harmful excess stomach acid which sours and ferments the food, forms gas, and induces pain. The only logical way to obtain relief is to get rid of the cause, and 'Bisurated' Magnesia does this instantly. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only neutralises the acid and stops the food fermentation, but also heals and protects the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Thus normal, healthy stomach conditions are restored, and natural, painless digestion follows. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is absolutely safe and harmless, is used by thousands, recommended by physicians, and is obtainable of all chemists in both tablet and powder form at only 1s. 3d. Get a package to-day, use as directed, and get rid of your digestive troubles before they cause you serious harm.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.

144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

WEEKLY A/cs.
Daily Settlements.

NO LIMIT.
WIN AND PLACE.
SEND FOR BOOK OF RULES.

Your Winnings, if over £5, telegraphed at our expense.

ALWAYS:—The Celebrated "Genreos" Odds.

COLDS! CATARRH! HAY FEVER!

NOSTROLINE

Nasal Specific 1/3

Of Chemists Everywhere

RHEUMATISM

CURED QUICKLY & EFFECTIVELY.

Copenhagen Street, Worcester.

Sir,—I have suffered with RHEUMATISM since 1917, and have been in various hospitals and under Doctors' treatment until three months ago. I was crippled to such an extent that I could not help myself in any way, not even to wash or feed myself, and could not walk without a stick. I have been taking Urace Tablets three months and I have found great relief: they have done me a world of good, and I shall lose no opportunity in recommending Urace to any one suffering as I did.—Yours truly, Mr. W. HOPE.

BACKACHE AND SEVERE PAINS

Macmillan Street, Rochdale, Lancs.

Dear Sir,— After nearly two years' sufferings my daughter is quite rid of pain. She had pains in her back and arms, and no treatment seemed to have any effect. I noticed your Urace advertisement, and I thank God I did, as she is now strong and well. I could scarcely believe that a cure could be effected, as I had given up all hope.—Yours faithfully, Mrs. CURTIS.

URACE CURES AND CURES QUICKLY.

URACE and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. That is why URACE succeeds when scores of so-called cures, such as spas, appliances, belts, and treatments and cure-alls have failed. That is why URACE is so freely prescribed and supported by the Medical profession. Get your supply to-day.

URACE TABLETS

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box.

From Boots, Timothy White and Co., Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 75, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E. 1.

6/- MONTHLY

FROM WEAVER TO WEARER

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%

BIG OFFERS in Ready-to-wear Gaberdine Rain Coats. Have your choice now of the many pretty dresses, costumes, two-piece suits, etc., offered at almost 'giving away' prices. You can have one in your own home now, try it on, feel the quality of our World Famous Yorkshire Cloth. If you keep it, you pay by easy instalments. Write for latest patterns & Free Fashion Guide. Reasonable alterations Free. **FURS** of every description. Splendid selection. State measurement from 5/- monthly, on approval. Write 5d. for a pair of Ladies' Shoes, on approval.

MEN'S SUITS & Ladies' Costumes MADE TO MEASURE. Yorkshire pure wool cloth renowned throughout the world. GENTS SUITS & LADIES' COSTUMES, perfectly tailored by Yewdall's West-End experts, cannot be equalled for distinction and smartness. Only 7/- monthly. Write now for new patterns, and easy self-measurement forms. Special bargains in Boys' Suits made from cuttings in Men's Department; on approval. State measurement. Write 5d. for a pair of Ladies' Shoes, on approval. Write 5d. for a pair of Gentlemen's Shoes, on approval.

7/- MTHY

YEWDALL'S DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE, **LEEDS**
18P, Cross Francis St.,

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

YOU are troubled about your old-age pension? Your Service pension has been cut down to an impossible limit? You cannot sustain your claim to a widow's pension? Your industrial assurance policy has proved to be a delusion? Then write to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, giving full particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope. Our experts are out to help you.

* * *

MRS. C. (Liverpool).—"After all, money does talk." And it usually says goodbye.

H. J. (Ealing).—"A really good saxophone costs a fortune." Many people blow the expense.

L. N. (Rochester).—"Her attempt to mend my socks was ludicrous." A darned failure, in fact.

D. B. (Deal).—"Beer doesn't quench the thirst" But what a lot of persevering people there are!

MRS. T. (Crewe).—"I'm sure women have cleaner minds than men." They certainly change them much oftener.

MASIE (Farnborough).—"I've been told my face is a picture." Then don't spoil it by an ugly frame of mind.

P. B. (Gatton Point).—"Since I retired from the grocery business I have got quite thin." Naturally you don't weigh as much.

F. R. T. (Hampstead).—"I love to greet the morning with the lark." Whereas we much prefer to do it with a swallow.

MRS. B. (Leeds).—"Dry rot has already been detected in our new house." Then why not switch off the loud speaker?

C. T. (Dover).—"As a young man I had a thin figure and curly hair." And now you have thin hair and a curly figure?

J. J. (Hounslow).—"What is the longest sentence ever pronounced in English law?" "I now pronounce you man and wife."

"WIRELESS FAN" (Brighton).—"America ought to send us a lot more jazz." Why? We're paying our debt quite honourably.

C. M. (Lutterworth).—"I heard yesterday from my son in Australia." That was certainly a tribute to your powers of hearing!

MISS L. (Watford).—"Married men ought to be compelled to wear beards." That would give the baby a better grasp of things.

MRS. G. (Bexhill).—"Baby has dad's features but my complexion." It can't be safe to allow so young an infant to play with the paintbox.

W. W. (Bagshot).—"Men used to wear out their trousers knees, but now they merely wear out the seats." They must be terrible backsliders.

MOLLY (Coventry).—"One month ago I fell off my bike and now I am married to the young man who picked me up." It hasn't taken you long to turn a spill into a match.

F. N. (London).—"I did my bit in the strike by singing comic songs to volunteer workers during their rest periods." That should have encouraged them to get back to work again.

T. B. C. (Cowes).—"My moustache is growing on the instalment plan." A little down each week.

S. G. (Lincoln).—"I suffer from buzzing noises in the ears." We prescribe a new cat's whisker.

P. T. (Birmingham).—"The bacon he sold me went bad." It had evidently had a relapse after being cured.

L. N. (Dover).—"He is the biggest bore in the country." We fancy we've heard him on the wireless.

J. B. N. (Holmswood).—"Nothing is accomplished by sitting still." You evidently know nothing about hens.

T. M. (Brighton).—"Most men have a strong sense of humour." And most women have a strong sense of rumour.

F. N. (Ilford).—"A £52,000 high school for girls is to be built here." Considering the price it ought to be a fair height.

J. T. (Nelson).—"What would you give me for my five-act tragedy if I brought it to your office?" Five yards start.

MRS. R. (Acton).—"Women's hats this summer are more becoming." And the price is becoming more too, we fancy.

T. B. (Colchester).—"I can't understand how he has reached the age of 100 years." It's because he was born in 1826.

M. R. (Manchester).—"I shall spend the whole of my summer holiday at conferences." You are going to the pow-wows.

J. D. (Hendon).—"The man who gives in when he is wrong is a wise man." The man who gives in when he is right is a married man.

L. G. (Putney).—"I find it very expensive taking my girl out, as she is only satisfied with the best restaurants." Yes, a "dainty thing" is often a little dear.

S. M. (Woolwich).—"I see that women in Turkey are no longer forced to wear veils." No, and that entirely alters the complexion of things, doesn't it?

J. L. D. (Torquay).—"My girl and I took our holiday together abroad, and on the way back I lost my baggage." Don't let her know you referred to her like that.

MRS. D. (Whitchurch).—"Providence has made wonderful arrangements for our every need." Even to the provision of ears to hang our spectacles over.

J. M. (Queen's Park). "I had a ten minutes' consultation with my lawyer and it meant a guinea out of my pocket." Now consult the *Bullets* page for ten minutes—that may mean 2,000 guineas in your pocket.

H. J. (Acton).—"It is not possible for a man and wife to go entirely without a disagreement. I suppose even Adam and Eve had their differences." Yes. They raised Cain, too!

Bridegroom (undertaker, to vicar after the ceremony): "*Perhaps, sir, you'll take off twenty-five per cent., me being in the trade. I'll do the same for you when you need me!*"

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

L. J. (Poole).—"Time hangs on my hands." Do you wear two wrist-watches?

D. L. (Finsbury).—"Did you think nothing of my article?" That's right.

T. P. (Glasgow).—"I am leaving this neighbourhood for good." Its or yours?

G. T. (York).—"How can a man make his wife happy?" It's a clothes secret.

H. J. (Bournemouth).—"My wife always says——" Yes, yes! They all do that.

J. J. (Norwich).—"I enclose some racy jokes." They're racing back to you.

F. M. (Epping).—"Man has conquered the air." The pianist next door to us hasn't.

H. K. A. (Felixstowe).—"The enclosed story may bore you." You have the gift of cautious prophecy.

C. T. (Hampstead).—"She's got brains enough for two." Just the very girl for you!

H. N. (Crowley).—"Our neighbour has a bouncing baby." Surely you didn't try it to see!

MISS G. (Nelson).—"Can you tell me where is the best place to learn swimming?" In the water.

G. M. (Barry).—"The average musical comedy actress can't sing." It's a case of tinkle, tinkle, little star.

R. G. (Southampton).—"There are no born leaders of men in this country." We've still got our women folk.

MISS T. (Mitcham).—"He is handsome, rich and a fine cricketer." Just the man to bowl a maiden over.

H. H. (London, S.W.).—"After a hearty meal I like to go for a ride on the top of a 'bus." Full up inside.

P. J. (Hayes).—"I always weigh my words." You didn't this time. We had to pay surcharge on your letter.

K. G. (Royston).—"Money can be made on the turf." Especially if you own enough to make a tennis court and hire it out.

B. T. (Paddington).—"What a lot of peculiar creatures one sees at the Zoo!" We expect the animals think that, too.

NORA (Egham).—"The man I marry must be a hero." Come, come! We believe you're better-looking than that.

T. W. (Delph).—"Is it a crime to kiss a pretty girl?" The sentence is sometimes hard labour for life.

J. G. (Holborn).—"I like the American type of pockets in men's suits." Pint, half-pint, or quart size?

I. P. (Liverpool).—"All our family play, but I am considered the best musician." You certainly blow your own trumpet.

MISS R. (Hathersage).—"My father was known and esteemed in the district as a man of letters." The local postman is often deserving of praise.

"CHEMIST" (Oxford Street).—"A Scotsman asked me to sell him 3d. worth of poison, and what do you think he wanted it for?" Twopence.

B. L. (Lancaster).—"A few men only are born great, but it is open to all to become great." We don't care so long as they don't grate upon us.

T. C. (Worthing).—"What do women know about finance?" Withhold half your wages from the wife next pay day and you'll soon find out.

A. K. (Preston).—"My son could speak long sentences and give the correct time when he was four years old." He'll probably grow up to be a judge.

A. Y. (Christchurch).—"The thing I can't master in motoring is the clutch." It's wiser to use both hands in driving and do your courting some other time.

NELLIE (Brighton).—"It's up to a girl to wear a pretty bathing-dress even for real swimming." Sure. She never knows when she may meet with a sea swell.

P. N. (Mayfair).—"Instead of dancing, I spent Saturday to Monday writing this article." You evidently decided to get something out of your weak end.

G. H. (London, N.).—"I've found a lovely self-contained flat, with all conveniences, no objection to children and a moderate rent." You make us go h. and c. all over.

ETHEL B. (Tooting).—"A fool of a fellow is always trying to attract my attention, but I treat him with withering scorn." Then we suppose he looks a blighted idiot.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

SECRET OF HAIR-GROWTH DISCOVERED AT MATLOCK

New Hydropathic Method of Hair Culture for All

Everyone Can Now Grow New Hair and Restore Natural Colour to Faded or Grey Hair Despite Previous Failure

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS TO RECEIVE PARTICULARS FREE

For quite a young man to achieve world-wide fame by means of a Physical discovery which will benefit all mankind the world over is no common experience.

It, however, has fallen to the lot of a singularly brilliant young resident in the Matlock district—that home of Hydropathic success—to adopt and add the Hydropathic principle to "Hair Culture," so that no one need have Hair Trouble of any kind in the future.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey is the much talked of and everywhere praised young discoverer of the secret of Hair Growth, which he has aptly named "Renuhair." Mr. Godfrey is not associated with any of the well-known Matlock Hydropathic establishments, but has worked entirely upon his own lines of research.

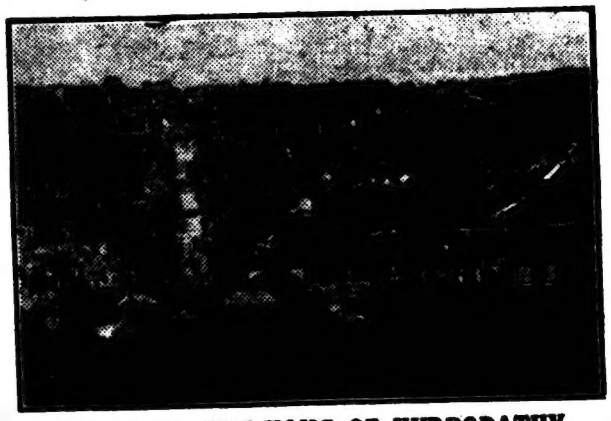
SO SIMPLE EVERYONE CAN ADOPT IT.

Mr. Godfrey experimented first upon himself—then upon friends—next upon some hundreds of independent members of the public, with the result that his method has been proved up to the hilt.

Now everyone is to benefit by Mr. Godfrey's patient but successful work.

So simple is the "Renuhair" method that everyone can carry it out for themselves from the clear directions sent to them by Mr. Godfrey. The cost of following Mr. Godfrey's advice is quite small; the time required no more, but perhaps less than has been devoted to other and far less natural or successful forms of care of the hair.

The Godfrey "Renuhair" Hydropathic method of Hair Culture is equally valuable to men and women, and is advocated for not only those who are quite bald and desire to re-grow hair, but also for the keeping in condition of hair and the turning poverty of hair into a luxuriant growth. In fact, "Renuhair" is a method which so stimulates the scalp and follicles as to ensure its users abundant healthy hair growth of good colour and lustre.



MATLOCK—THE HOME OF HYDROPATHY.

This glorious beauty spot in the Derbyshire Peak District is already famous as the British Home of Hydropathy. Now lustre will be added to its wonderful reputation all over the world as a result of Mr. Frederick Godfrey's important New Hydropathic Method of Hair Growth and Maintenance. Love of Hair or Greyness are such handicaps in the strenuous life of to-day that no praise can be too great for the man who can help others either to re-grow lost hair or restore the youthful colour to faded or grey locks.

Mr. Godfrey has made arrangements whereby all readers of JOHN BULL who suffer from :—

1. Patchy Baldness.	7. Scurf or Dandruff.
2. Baldness.	8. Splitting Hair.
3. Falling Hair.	9. Dry, Brittle Hair.
4. Greasy Hair.	10. Lank, Lifeless Hair
5. Lustreless Hair.	11. Fading Hair.
6. Hair Losing Colour.	12. Grey Hair.

may receive full particulars of his discovery free of any charge, and readers will find that the cost of carrying out Mr. Godfrey's advice is very much less than is entailed by other far less successful methods.

STRIKING PUBLIC TESTIMONY! *A FEW OF THE MANY HUNDREDS OF REMARKABLE LETTERS RECEIVED*

MR. FREDERICK GODFREY.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey, who developed, tested and successfully proved the new Hydropathic Hair Growth Discovery, is one of Britain's brilliant post war young men.

Not only is he a man of vision, but a very hard worker, whose practical turn of mind places the benefit of his discovery within the reach of all.

Incidentally, Mr. Godfrey proved his theory in his own person to such effect that he says, "My hair is so abundant and strong that you can hit me off a chair by it."

To-day readers of "John Bull" are invited to write to him on the "John Bull" form opposite, when, without any charge or obligation whatever he will send them full particulars of "How to Grow and Maintain a Perfect Head of Hair."

HAIR NOW THICKER, LONGER, AND BETTER COLOUR.

I enclose third report on my hair. I am awfully pleased to say your treatment has really greatly improved my hair in every way; it is much thicker, longer, and better colour, has more life in it, and looks heaps better than it has done for months.

I am so thankful I saw your advertisement and wrote for the treatment. Miss C. H.

YOUR TREATMENT HAS DONE MORE IN TWO MONTHS THAN REST IN SEVEN YEARS.

I have still nothing but praise for your treatment. The hair which I stated was growing on the edge of the old is growing longer, and is in a healthy condition. The fluff which was apparently not progressing has become hair, and I am now in a fair way of recovering the greater part, if not the whole of my hair. My head is free from scurf, the hair is in excellent condition, and has improved in colour and texture. I can honestly say that no treatment I have tried—and if there is any I have missed it is because I never heard of it—has had anything like the effect yours has had. Your treatment has effected in two months more than all the rest in seven years. A. S. B.

DANDRUFF GONE ENTIRELY.

I am very pleased to say that my hair is getting on splendidly, the dandruff gone entirely, falling almost nil, and it is much improved in condition. H. H.

HAS DONE ALL YOU SAID IT WOULD DO.

Your wonderful hair treatment has done all that you said it would do. I must thank you kindly for the same. G. R.

TREATMENT BASED ON COMMON SENSE.

I am very happy in reporting that I have had during the third month, as in the previous two, very good results with the treatment which you have advised me to follow. The hair looks now very healthy and the growth has become considerably thicker. I can say without exaggeration that your treatment is the only one based on common sense, hence the good results.

I am now awaiting your letter of advice for my future guidance. E. B.

ALL OTHER KINDS FAILED.

I feel sure if I had not come across your treatment I should have gone completely bald, as only a few hairs divided one large spot from another. I shall recommend your treatment, as I have tried all kinds of things before but have failed. Mrs. W.

NEW HAIR COMING WHERE HEAD WAS BALD.

I must speak as I find. I am very pleased with the success of "Renuhair." I have got fine new hair coming all over my head where it was bald. Where I had a shiny bald head it is looking dark now and improving every month. It is good to see it coming back again. R. E.

A FRIEND'S SURPRISE.

I am pleased to say that the bald spot has now disappeared and my head is covered with new hair. The other day a friend of mine who had not seen me for a month said, "I thought you were bald-headed, but you have hair all over now. How is that?" Of course, I told him. J. G.

FOUND RIGHT TREATMENT AT LAST.

Since my last report a great improvement has taken place. Hair is now growing where before it was minus. I am sure I have found right treatment at last. Everything satisfactory. Wishing you every success in the future, I await the third course. A. V. W.

HAIR GROWING WELL ALL OVER HEAD.

I am pleased to be able to state in this, my first report, that new hair is visible all over the crown of my head. I did not think it possible that new hair could be made to show in bald places in so short a time. Third Report.

I am pleased to say in this, my third report, that my hair is now growing well all over my head. I think your treatment has worked wonders in so short a time, considering I was bald three months ago. T. W. C.

RIGHT CURE THIS TIME.

I am very pleased with your treatment. My hair is now in very good condition, being glossy and free from dandruff. I may say that there are visible signs of new hair coming up each side of my temples; my scalp is also in very good condition. I think I have got the right cure this time. F. F.

FILL IN AND POST THIS SPECIAL FORM FOR FREE PARTICULARS OF THE NEW HYDROPATHIC TREATMENT FOR GROWING AND MAINTAINING HEALTHY AND ABUNDANT HAIR.

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY (J.B.), Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

I enclose 2d. Please forward booklet explaining "Renuhair" and proofs. I want to see why it succeeds.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AILMENT.....

Be sure to state your Hair Trouble here.

(PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.) JOHN BULL, 26/6 26.

FATEFUL YEARS FOR WOMEN.

The most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty-five and fifty. Many women enter this term under depressing conditions; overwork, worry or bloodlessness, and they suffer heavily.

Among the commonest symptoms are headaches, feverish flushes, palpitations, dizziness, backache, depression and other well-recognised disturbances of health which signalise that the blood requires attention. Women stand in need of rich red blood all their lives, but never more so than at middle-life, when the nerves also are weak and overwrought.

Now, every suffering woman can prove the prompt help afforded to her health by renewing the blood. It is a test that any ailing woman can make by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills make rich, red blood, which in turn creates appetite, increases tone and strength, and restores full robust health. Thousands of women have found in Dr. Williams' pink pills the means by which new health and a brighter outlook of life were gained.

So avail yourself of the health-help that Dr. Williams' pink pills can give you. Of all chemists 3s. 0d. per box—nothing else is just as good.

FREE.—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that all women of middle age should read. Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

WEAK KNEES

SLIPPING CARTILAGE, Synovi'is, Weakness after Fractures, RHEUMATISM, Paralysis, Sciatica, Varicose Veins, Kneck Knees, etc.

NO MORE ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

Varivane Supports are an entirely new Method of Relief. Economical, cool, comfortable; made strictly to measure of unshrinkable material, readily adjusted. Washable, repairable, and last for years.

How to measure. Give size around the leg at C.D.E. over bare skin.

How to order. State for which leg, and whether for **Varicose Veins, Weak Joints** or **Weak Legs.**—Send measurement with P.O. (Postage 2d Extra).

KNEE SUPPORT.
Class A. Class B
10/6 7/11.

Varivane Supports are also made for Thigh, Calf and Ankle. Send for **Illustrated Book.** Post Free.

THE VARIVANE CO. (Dept. 55),
56, Borough High Street, London Bridge, S.E.1.

WE TRUST YOU

2/6 is all you pay till you have ridden a Mead "Marvel" 400A cycle one month. Sent Packed **FREE.** Carriage paid. Immediate delivery.
"MARVEL" 400 At 19s 6d CASH
Satisfaction guaranteed or **money refunded.** Factory-soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write **TO-DAY** for specifications and illustrations of 26 new models.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. B 697), SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.
DRIES IN 20 MINUTES.
In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-
From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—
SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford, E.

Needless Surgery

NOSE and THROAT should not be operated upon until you have read my booklet on the *modern system of non-operative treatment* of nasal and throat troubles. Save yourself needless suffering and needless expense. Booklet FREE. Send 1½d for postage. Consultations daily. Phone: Mayfair 6332. Advice by post.

Lt.-Col. Kynaston R.P. from R.A.M.C. L.R.C.P. M.R.C.S.)
Room 2, Langham House, Regent St., London, W.1.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

Gives quick relief from Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, etc.
4/6 a tin at all chemists.

THE CRIPPLES

Ex-Service Men Fleeced by Fraud

THERE was a dramatic episode in the Law Courts last week, when JOHN BULL'S counsel in a libel action asked a man to stand up and show himself to the judge and jury.

The Lord Chief Justice of England and the twelve good men and true who were trying the case beheld a pitiful spectacle. The witness stood up slowly and painfully on crutches. In his eye there was a pitiful expression of bewilderment and despair. He was one of the victims of heartless misrepresentation.

His case is one of the saddest we have ever known. While lying in hospital as helpless as a log he was induced by a fellow-patient to place faith in a business scheme. He withdrew a pension allowance of £50, all the available money he had at the time, and lost every penny of it.

We know of scores of similar instances in which ex-Service men have confided their savings to these unscrupulous advertisers and lost their all.

ONE man in reply to an advertisement parted with his nest-egg of £400, all of which he lost. He has been without employment ever since.

Another invested £250, only to find himself in the sorrowful company of four others who had parted with sums ranging from £200 to £400 and had lost all.

Yet another invested £100 in order to obtain work as a lorry-driver at a wage of £3 10s. weekly. He, too, was reduced almost to the gutter.

The wife of another who had lost £200 wrote to us: "My husband is now a complete wreck, both physically and mentally. We are penniless. Myself and two children are starving."

We cannot rest content with exposing fraud. We must endeavour by every means in our power to alleviate the suffering of the victims. "The Greatest of These—" Fund is continually being used for this purpose, but we need more generous support.

We shall feel grateful if employers who are in a position to offer work to such men will communicate with us, and we earnestly urge our readers generally to contribute the most they can to this work of succour.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. C. Moody, 1s.; Ballybunnion, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Williams, 2s. 6d.; E. B. Pearson, 1s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 10s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Interested, 2s.; F. F. (Plymouth), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A. Thorn (Aberdeen), 2s.; Norman and Audrey, £1 1s.; Nurse Watkinson, 5s.; Mrs. E. R. Horsham, 5s.; Anon. (Bristol), 10s.; Mother of Twins, 1s.; J. N. Stephen, 2s.; Justice, 5s.; J. McLean, junr., 2s. 6d.; N. C. Greenwich, 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; E. G., 5s.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; A Boltonian in Manchester, 2s. 6d.; S. S., 5s.; H. W. (Oughtibridge), 1s.; Layton, £1; M. O. G. (Tunbridge Wells), 5s.; Anon., 2s.; Mr. M. A. Stephens, 6d.; Alice Tomlin, 2s. 6d.; Chas. Irvin, 10s.; Stonleigh, 1s.; Anon. (St. Albans), 2s.; Tiler, 6d.; H. S. Large, 10s.; Old Charlie, 6d.; Sympathiser (Busholme), 1s. 6d.; Fred Swan, 1s.; R. M. Whittet, 5s.; E. W. Kent, 6d.; Better Luck (Southampton), 2s.; Anon. (Oxford), 3s. 6d.; A. T. (Tooting), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Mann, 6d.; H. A. (Stratford), 5s.; Xion, 10s.; B. Vacquier (U.S.A.), 8s. 4d. (2 dollars); Millars No. 2, 2s. 6d.; Robson Harrison, junr., 2s.; T. L. Skinner, 4s.; Greetland, 1s.; P. O. E., 3s.; Tommy's Widow, 2s.; A. B. Bender, 6s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A Miner's Wife, 4½d.; A. Pevitt, 3d.; One of 'Em, 6d.; Locked Out, 8d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; Tartan, 10s.; A. W. Hallas, 1s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Spiros, 3s.; 21758, 1s.; W. H. D. (Ipswich), £1 1s.; Anon. (Maidstone), £1; Mrs. Ivison, 5s.; D. J. Anderson, 2s. 6d.; E. Shackleton, 1s.; Mrs. B. Shepherd, 2s. 6d.; H. Parnley, 7s. 6d.; W. Fox, 1s. 3½d.; E. N. Thornton, 3s.; On the 9th, 3d.; Anon. (Arbroath), 2s.; Anon (Cutnall Green), 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Indigestion & Anæmia

An expression of gratitude for the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After 12 years of suffering, restored to complete health.

Mrs. Ada King, Rose Cottage, Combe Throop, Templecombe, Somerset, says: "Twelve years ago I commenced to suffer from Indigestion and Anæmia. The trouble grew worse, it affected my heart, causing me to have palpitation very badly. Each day I felt completely worn out, my head ached terribly, and I could get no rest at night.

"Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the first box gave me relief. I continued the remedy, and now I am in perfect health."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Palpitation
Neuritis	Nerve Pains	Kidney Weakness
Indigestion	Headache	Children's Weakness
Sleeplessness	Anæmia	Wasting

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-.
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Certified

Every "BP" can bears a label certifying that the contents were made in Great Britain by British labour.

"BP"

THE BRITISH PETROL

THIN FOLK NEED IRON AND PHOSPHATE.

Weak, thin, nervous people almost invariably owe their condition to lack of phosphate in the nerves and lack of iron in the blood. One of the surest, quickest, and safest ways in which to make up the deficiency is to take with each meal a five-grain tablet of digestible phosphate and iron known as Blood-Iron Phosphate; it supplies iron to the blood and phosphate to the nervous system. People who have tried it say that a five-grain tablet taken with each meal quickly restores depleted nervous energy, enriches the blood, increases strength, vitality, and endurance, and those who are too thin usually report a satisfactory increase in weight in a short time. Blood-Iron Phosphate costs but 3s. a bottle of chemists everywhere, and included with every package is a definite guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back, so that thin, weak, nervous and anæmic people have everything to gain and nothing to lose by making an immediate trial of this splendid preparation.

IMPORTANT. — Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective in increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on weight.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." 26 6 26. On receipt of Postal Order for **12/6** we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussolette

Real Seamless Woven Guaranteed Genuine Bargains CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with **FREE RUGS** will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 100,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Cable Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 26/6/26, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

'BULLETS' HUGE LAST WEEK FIRST PRIZE!!

2,000 GUINEAS

2nd Prize £250 — 3rd Prize £100

4th Prize £50 — 10 PRIZES OF £5 — 10 PRIZES OF £2-10 — 5th Prize £25

100 Prizes of £1

200 Prizes of 5/- 12,000 TARGET PRIZES 1,000 Prizes of 2/6

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 602.
£850 in Cash Prizes Awarded.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. E. GEORGE, 37, City Road, Chester.

Example :—How To Get On
Bullet :—*Please* As You *Go*.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. G. H. BATCHELOR, 29, Akeman Street, Tring, Herts.

Example :—His Conscience
Bullet :—He Calls It "Insomnia."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. LEWIS, c/o 8, Caesar Square, Ely, near Cardiff.

Example :—Knowing Father
Bullet :—Watching, Not Forbidding Experiments.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. M. CRANER, Slough, Crabb's Cross, near Redditch.

Example :—How To Get On
Bullet :—Forget You're "Getting On."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. D. WRIGHT, 3, May Road, Ipswich.

Example :—My Son
Bullet :—"Fit" But No "Start."

5 Prizes of £10 each:

G. Beaman, 181, Beach Street, Deal.
Back To Work—Recall—Or Wreck All.

T. F. C. Griffith, 68, Sandhurst Gardens, Stranmillis Road, Belfast.
Some Day—Better "Earth" Without "Batteries."

Miss E. S. MacKinnon, 305, Keppochhill Road, Springburn, Glasgow.
A Tonic—Licking Wife's Luggage Labels.

W. Matthews, 5, Sheering Mill Road, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.
Back To Work—Employers *Forgive* And Take.

G. C. Wengebroth, 27, Beith Road, Paisley, N.B.
Looking Back—Many Desiring "Fourteen" Again.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

D. Batey, The Green, Wolviston, Nr. Stockton-on-Tees.
Thanks To Baldwin—It Became *Genial* Strike.

J. Bowler, 132, Bristol Road, Birmingham.
His Conscience—Has Fortnight Off Too.

J. W. Hucker, 21, Cape Terrace, Witney, Oxon.
Grandma's Way—Made *Marriage* Absolute Instead.

W. Kirk, 3, Talbot Street, Bradford.
Looking Back—Wistfully, After Backing Looks.

(*Continued on page 4*)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four Words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—Britannia *Bullet*:—Looking Overseas—Overlooking Land
Example:—Without A Word *Bullet*:—As Miserable As "Words."
Example:—Ideal Home *Bullet*:—Everything New—Except Woman

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Please Post Early!

You can assist us by posting your entries a few days before the closing date, Thursday July 1.

Address Coupons to:

"BULLETS" No. 604.
John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THE ORIGINAL CHEQUE for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 601 is being exhibited in the window of Mr. J. W. PIPE, 28, Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 604.

KING AND COUNTRY
GOOD SLOGAN
WHAT COOK WANTS
THE ASHES
GIVE AND TAKE
LLOYD GEORGE
WHAT THE WORLD SAYS
NO LONGER
WHAT SHE HEARD
BRITAIN'S BACKBONE
SHOCK FOR FATHER
IN SCOTLAND
MOTHER AND CHILD
STRIKING
AN EX-SOLDIER
FOR A HOLIDAY
BIG MISTAKE
SADLY
FOR MONEY
NOT SEEN NOW
OLDEST INHABITANT
AT THE BUTCHER'S
MODERN METHOD
HIGH AND LOW
SAID TO THE BRIDEGROOM
UNLIKELY
DOWN THE MINE
HEARD IN THE DARK
SUITS ME
PROSPERITY
THE OPEN DOOR
A GIRL
WHAT THE CRICKETER SAID
SOON OVER
POPULARITY
RAINY DAY
SHOWED SHE WAS MARRIED
"NO!"
REAL PAL
WHAT IS A DRESS?

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 1.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(604) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 1.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(604) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

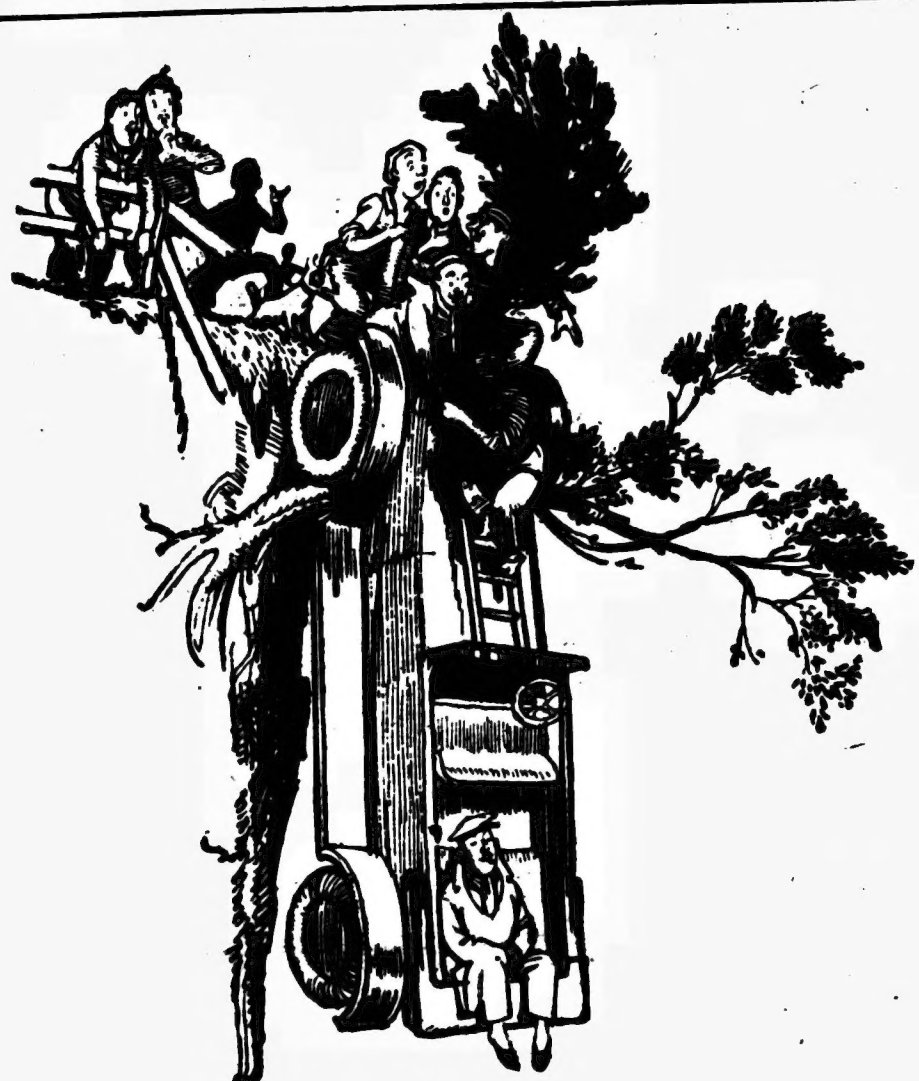
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 1.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(604) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 1.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(604) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Further "Bullets" may be entered on plain paper.

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS



for Cool Smoking

PLAYER'S
Navy Cut
CIGARETTES
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

It's the Tobacco that Counts

P. 1328

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